

**CLASSICS
FOR THE
KANSAS
SCHOOLS**

**SEVENTH
GRADE**



STATE OF KANSAS

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CLASSICS

FOR THE KANSAS SCHOOLS

SEVENTH GRADE

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PREFACE

Representative selections from the best literature of interest to eager young readers are included in this collection. Power to get the thought readily and accurately, facility in expression, the development of good taste in reading, and a desire to continue to read the world's best literature, should be the natural results of the proper study of these selections.

To guide the pupil toward the fuller appreciation of these classics, the editors have arranged introductions, complete foot-notes, lists of words for study, and questions for study and class discussion. The introductions contain brief biographical sketches and short settings and give the pupil a natural incentive to read each classic. The foot-notes assist him over difficult passages. The word-lists afford ample drill in the intelligent use of the dictionary. The questions provide a definite program of work by means of which each worker discovers for himself the truth he seeks.

A. M. THOROMAN.
H. W. DAVIS.

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CLASSICS FOR THE SEVENTH GRADE

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), a Scotch poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. On account of poor health, he spent most of his childhood in the country at his grandfather's farm, at Sandy-Knowe. There he became familiar with the ballads and legends of Scotland. These he used later in his poems and in the celebrated "Waverley Novels." In 1802 he published two volumes of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He continued to write poetry for about ten years. In addition to "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," he produced "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." About 1812 he began the series of novels known as the "Waverley Novels."

In 1826 the publishing house with which Scott was connected failed, and although he was not responsible for the failure, he assumed the debts of the firm, amounting to about \$600,000, and took up with redoubled energy the work of producing novels. One book after another came forth until his health gave way. He made a voyage to Italy in the vain hope of regaining his strength. He returned to Scotland, and died in his magnificent home at Abbotsford in 1832.

Scott was loyal to his own land, and was eager that the world should have a knowledge of the lives and deeds of the long line of Scotch heroes. In the "Tales of a Grandfather" he told for his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he called Mr. Hugh Littlejohn, many of the stories and traditions connected with these heroes. These stories furnish an insight into the lives and characters of the early Scottish people, and give in a delightful way many of the facts of their history. One of the most daring and loyal of the Scots was Robert Bruce, who spent practically all of his life in struggling to keep Scotland independent of the English Kings.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

I

HOW SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND CAME TO BE SEPARATE
KINGDOMS

ENGLAND is the southern and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the land is much richer, and produces better crops. There are also a great many more men in England, and both the gentlemen and the country people are more wealthy and have better food and clothing there than in Scotland. The towns, also, are much more numerous, and more populous.

Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills, and huge moors,¹ and wildernesses, which bear no corn,² and afford but little food for flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile, and produces good crops. The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England. The cities and towns are fewer, smaller, and less full of inhabitants than in England. But as Scotland possesses great quarries of stone, the houses are commonly built of that material, which is more lasting, and has a grander effect to the eye than the bricks used in England.

Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from all other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other, and that they should have lived as one people, under the same government. Accordingly, about two hundred years ago,

1. *Moors* (mōorz). Large areas of waste sandy ground covered with decayed marsh plants.

2. *Corn*. A general name for grain.

the King of Scotland became King of England,¹ and the two nations have ever since then been joined in one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.

But, before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel, and bloody wars between the two nations; and, far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbors and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury that they possibly could, by invading each other's territories, killing their subjects, burning their towns, and taking their wives and children prisoners. This lasted for many, many hundred years; and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, there was a brave and warlike people, called the Romans, who undertook to conquer the whole world, and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And, after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain,² and made a great war upon the inhabitants, called the British, or Britons, whom they found living there. The Romans, who were a very brave people and well armed, beat the British and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers, and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants. The Romans, therefore, gave up all attempts to subdue this

1. *King of Scotland became King of England.* James VI. of Scotland, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, became James I. of England upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603.

2. *They came to Britain.* Cæsar made two invasions of England, one in 55 B. C. and another in 54 B. C. The Roman conquest of England, however, did not take place until nearly a century later, in 43 A. D.

impenetrable¹ country, and resolved to remain satisfied with that level ground of which they had already possessed themselves.

Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make inroads² upon that part of the country which had been conquered by the Romans.

These people of the northern parts of Scotland were not one nation, but divided in two, called the Scots and the Picts; they often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans, and against the Britons who had been subdued by them. At length, the Romans thought they would prevent these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern part of Britain, and laying it waste. For this purpose, they built a very long wall between the one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall; and they made towers on the wall, and camps, with soldiers, from place to place; so that, at the least alarm, the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked. This first Roman wall was built between the two great friths of the Clyde and the Forth,³ just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest, and some parts of it are to be seen at this day.

This wall defended the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land, and inclosed within their own mountains. But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled themselves in

1. *Impenetrable*. Not capable of being penetrated or entered.

2. *Inroads*. Invasions; raids.

3. *Friths of the Clyde and the Forth*. A frith is a narrow arm of the sea, or the opening of a river into the sea. The Clyde and the Forth are rivers of central Scotland.

great numbers, and climbed over the wall, in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them. A man named Grahame¹ is said to have been the first soldier who got over; and the common people still call the remains of the wall Grahame's Dike.

Now the Romans, finding that this first wall could not keep out the barbarians (for so they termed the Picts and the Scots), thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them, and perhaps it might make them quiet. So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first, sixty miles farther back from the Picts and Scots. Yet the barbarians made as many furious attacks to get over the second wall, as ever they had done to break through the former. But the Roman soldiers defended the second wall so well that the Scots and Picts could not break through it; though they often came round the end of the wall by sea, in boats made of ox-hides, stretched upon hoops, landed on the other side, and did very much mischief. In the meantime the poor Britons led a very unhappy life; for the Romans, when they subdued their country, having taken away all their arms, they lost the habit of using them, or of defending themselves, and trusted entirely to the protection of their conquerors.

But at this time great quarrels, and confusion, and civil wars took place at Rome. So the Roman Emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain, and ordered that they should immediately return² to their own country, and leave the Britons to defend their wall as well as they could, against their unruly and warlike neighbors, the Picts and Scots. The Roman soldiers were very sorry

1. *Grahame* (grā'ām).

2. *That they should immediately return.* The last of the Roman soldiers left Britain about 407 A. D.

for the poor Britons, but they could do no more to help them than by repairing the wall of defense. They therefore built it all up, and made it as strong as if it were quite new. And then they took to their ships, and left the island.

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the barbarians; for, since their conquest by the Romans, they had become a weak and cowardly people. So the Picts and the Scots broke through the wall at several points, wasted¹ and destroyed the country, and took away the boys and girls to be slaves, seized upon the sheep, and upon the cattle, and burnt the houses, and did the inhabitants every sort of mischief. Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves no longer able to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from the north of Germany, who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now, these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, and landed in the south part of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts [A. D. 449], and drove these nations again into the hills and fastnesses² of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built; and they were never afterwards so troublesome to their neighbors.

But the Britons were not much the better for the defeat of their northern enemies; for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain, and saw what a beautiful, rich country it was, and that the people were not able to defend it, resolved to take the land to themselves, and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their country taken from them by the

1. *Wasted*. Laid waste to.

2. *Fastnesses*. Strongholds; places of security.

people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them; but the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they, and defeated them so often, that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south part of Britain. However, the bravest part of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of the country, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years; and their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves throughout all the south part of Britain, and the name of the country was changed, and it was no longer called Britain, but England; which means the land of the Anglo-Saxons, who had conquered it.

While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and the Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarreled and fought between themselves; and at last, after a great many battles, the Scots got completely the better of the Picts. The common people say that the Scots destroyed them entirely; but I think it is not likely that they could kill such great numbers of people. Yet it is certain they must have slain many, and driven others out of the country and made the rest their servants and slaves; at least the Picts were never heard of in history after these great defeats, and the Scots gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Angles, or Anglo-Saxons, did to the south part; and so came the name of Scotland, the land of the Scots, and England, the land of the English. The two kingdoms were divided from each other; on the east by the river Tweed, then as you proceed westward, by a great range of hills and wildernesses, and at length by a branch of the sea called the Frith of Solway.¹ The division is not very far from the old

1. *Solway*. A river in southwestern Scotland.

Roman wall. The wall itself has been long suffered to go to ruins; but, as I have already said, there are some parts of it still standing, and it is curious to see how it runs as straight as an arrow over high hills and through great bogs and morasses.¹

You see, therefore, that Britain was divided between three different nations, who were enemies to each other. There was England, which was the richest and best part of the island, and which was inhabited by the English. Then there was Scotland, full of hills and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous precipices, wild heaths,² and great morasses. This country was inhabited by the Scots, or Scottish men. And there was Wales, also a very wild and mountainous country, whither the remains of the ancient Britons had fled to obtain safety from the Saxons.

The Welsh defended their country for a long time, and lived under their own government and laws, yet the English got possession of it at last. But they were not able to become masters of Scotland, though they tried it frequently. The two countries were under different kings, who fought together very often and very desperately; and thus you see the reason why England and Scotland, though making parts of the same island, were for a long time great enemies to each other.

The English are very fond of their fine country; they call it "Old England," and "Merry England," and think it the finest land that the sun shines upon. And the Scots are very proud of their own country, with its great lakes and mountains; and, in the old language of the country, they call it "The land of the lakes and mountains, and

1. *Bogs and morasses.* Low, marshy places. The term "bog" is more particularly applied to marshes filled with decayed vegetable matter.

2. *Heaths.* Open, level areas covered with heath, a small shrub.

of the brave men;" and often, also, "The land of cakes," because the people live a good deal upon cakes made of oatmeal, instead of wheaten bread. But both England and Scotland are now parts of the same kingdom, and there is no use in asking which is the best country, or has the bravest men.

II

THE RISE OF ROBERT THE BRUCE

I hope that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death,¹ which induced the Scottish nobility² rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England,³ and thus opened the way to his endeavoring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect, also, that Edward had dethroned John Baliol,⁴ on account of his attempting to restore the independence of Scotland, and that Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as Lord Paramount.⁵ This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

1. *King Alexander the Third's death.* Alexander III. reigned from 1249 until his death in 1285.

2. *Nobility.* The entire body of nobles.

3. *King Edward of England.* Edward I. (1239-1307).

4. *John Baliol* (bāl'yūl) (1249-1315). The successful claimant to the Scottish throne after the death of Alexander III. He was named King in 1292.

5. *Edward as Lord Paramount.* Baliol acknowledged Edward as his overlord in 1296.

It was therefore natural that such of the people of Scotland as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their country from the English yoke, should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves, to combat the power of England. The feeling was universal in Scotland, that they would not any longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown, began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Amongst these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity, to have lost all right to the kingdom) were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce, who, as you have heard, disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace¹ in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk,² being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper.³ But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said,

1. *Sir William Wallace.* Sir William Wallace (1272-1305), a Scottish general and patriot, was the chief champion of Scottish independence and the chief enemy of Edward I.

2. *The defeat of Falkirk.* In the battle of Falkirk, July 22, 1298, Sir William Wallace was defeated by Edward I.

3. *Usurper.* One who seizes power without legal right.

by the old traditions of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident.

In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents¹ on the one side, and the insurgent² or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotchman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect, that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it, by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace, and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an

1. *Adherents.* Followers; partisans.

2. *Insurgent.* Rebellious.

excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well as or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults which, perhaps, belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John, the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted¹ down from London to Dumfries,² on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites³ in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce,

1. *Posted.* Traveled with haste.

2. *Dumfries.* A town in southern Scotland.

3. *Minorites* (mī'nōr-itz). Franciscan friars; traveling priests of the order of St. Francis.

were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt,"¹ said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick; "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly he and his companion, Lindesay, rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching² the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes, that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned King at the Abbey of Scone,³ the usual place where the Kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

1. *Doubt.* Suspect; fear.

2. *Dispatching.* Putting to death.

3. *At the Abbey of Scone.* The famous "Coronation Stone" of Scotland, which is preserved in the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey, was kept at the Abbey of Scone.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the King's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate¹ the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed² when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land.³ He marched against Bruce, accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on 29th March, 1306. On the 18th May he was excommunicated⁴ by the Pope, on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits

1. *Vindicate*. Maintain; defend.

2. *Incensed* (in-sĕnst'). Angered.

3. *Saracens . . . of the Holy Land*. The Mohammedan Arabs at this time held Palestine, and the Christian warriors of Europe went on crusades against them.

4. *Excommunicated*. Cut off from all the privileges and protection of the church.

of religion, and authorized any one to kill him. Finally, on the 19th June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven,¹ by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families,—Hay, ancestor of the Earls of Errol, Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

III

ADVENTURES OF KING ROBERT

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in great danger, and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked, that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to

1. *Methven*. A village and parish in Perthshire, Scotland.

force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and, putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn in the church at Dumfries, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related. Bruce was again defeated by this chief through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry;¹ but he showed, amidst his misfortunes, the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them.

Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted² champion or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the King at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a precipitous³ rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein, such a blow with his sword, as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The King, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavoring to rise again,

1. *Dalry*. A town in Ayrshire, Scotland, about twenty-five miles southwest of Glasgow.

2. *Redoubted*. Renowned; formidable.

3. *Precipitous* (prē-sīp'ī-tūs). Steep like; of the nature of a precipice.

Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the King, and grasped him by the mantle¹ so close to his body, that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel² of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the King struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow, that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the King's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family as a memorial, that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The King met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highlands lake in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose.

1. *Mantle*. A loose, sleeveless cloak.

2. *Pommel*. The knob on the hilt, or handle, of a sword.

Loch Lomond,¹ in particular, is said to have been the scene of such a lecture. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates, and diverted² their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits, or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire.³ The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother, Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's Queen, as well as the Queen herself, and the Countess of

1. *Loch Lomond*. A lake in the Highlands, some twenty miles northwest of Glasgow.

2. *Diverted*. Turned.

3. *Aberdeenshire*. A county in northeastern Scotland. The river Don empties into the North Sea a short distance north of the city of Aberdeen.

Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity.

The Countess of Buchan, as I before told you, had given Edward great offense by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the castle of Berwick, in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of framework, placed within an apartment, and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny,¹ or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigor.²

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the time. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgive-

1. *Mutiny.* Rebellion against the authorities of the prison.

2. *With peculiar rigor.* With unusual strictness or severity.

ness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor, persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce,

seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained¹ any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran,² which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed, and inquired of the first woman he met, what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer, that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out, that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at

1. *Sustained*. Suffered; underwent.

2. *Arran* (är'än). A mountainous island with a total area of 165 square miles.

the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country, in spite of all that had yet happened.

The Bruce was now in sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas, how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers, in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an English nobleman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick,¹ by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions, that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry,² on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry-head became visible, and the King and his followers merrily be-

1. *Carrick*. A district on the coast of Ayrshire in southwestern Scotland.

2. *Turnberry*. A rocky headland on the coast of Carrick, about fifteen miles southeast of the island of Arran.

took themselves to their ships and galleys,¹ concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms, and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy, Cuthbert, alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country, with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal!"

"Alas!" replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment; but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was, as I have told you, a man daring even to rashness. "I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland, or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth."

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish² with the English so successfully, as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various adventures

1. *Galleys*. Low, one-decked vessels propelled by both oars and sails.

2. *To skirmish*. To fight with small bodies of detached troops.

against the enemy, in which they were generally successful. But then, on the other hand, the King, being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery, or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

IV

ANECDOTES CONCERNING ROBERT BRUCE

At one time a near relation of Bruce's in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the King one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy who waited on him as a page.¹ The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-ax. Now, when the King saw them so well armed, when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the King, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The King called out to them, and commanded them to come no nearer, upon

1. *Page*. A servant. The term is generally applied to the youth serving a knight and taking his training for knighthood.

peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the King again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold; but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow; and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well, that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the King. One of them fetched a blow at him with an ax, but missed his stroke, and stumbled, so that the King with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear; but the King, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the King wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."¹

In the present day, it is not necessary that generals, or great officers, should fight with their own hand, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy; and men seldom mingle together, and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men, with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence² that they

1. *Covetousness* (kŭv'ě-tŭs-něs). Greed; avarice.

2. *Of great consequence*. Of great importance.

should be strong men, and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures, which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom¹ of Carrick, and in the neighboring country of Galloway,² until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy, and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who, as I before told you, had defeated Bruce at Dalry, and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers³ chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuth hounds (so called from *slot*, or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase), were used for the purpose of

1. *Earldom*. The estate of an earl.

2. *Galloway*. Galloway includes the counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright in southwestern Scotland.

3. *Beagles and harriers*. The beagle is a small, short-legged hound used in hunting small game. The harrier resembles the foxhound, but is somewhat smaller.

pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant,¹ had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river, that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighborhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land on the side where the King was, was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge to the top of the bank extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the King's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog.

1. *Vigilant* (vîj'î-lănt). Alert; cautious.

"My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river-side. Then the King thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defense against them." So he looked again at the steep path, and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage, that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. His armor was so good and strong, that he had no fear of arrows, and, therefore, the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile, the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure, guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But, as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him

again. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified, and drew back. But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out, that their honor would be lost forever if they did not force their way; and encouraged each other, with loud cries, to plunge through, and assault him. But by this time, the King's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story-books, with this advantage, that they are all true.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence,¹ who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him; which, it was said, had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with

1. *Sir Aymer de Valence* (ā'mēr de vā'lēns). The guardian of Scotland under Edward I. He led the English forces against Bruce.

another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the King divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the King must be in that party; so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The King again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them, if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking that thus the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother,¹ or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast, that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The King asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother

1. *Foster-brother.* Adopted brother.

answered that he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the blood-hound behind them, and knew by that, that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length, they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy¹ hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of that which he pursued, gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

1. *Unhappy*. Causing bad fortune.

V

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ROBERT BRUCE

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food, and were becoming extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The King answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish King. Then the man who had spoken, changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they traveled till they came together to a waste and ruinous¹ cottage,

1. *Ruinous.* Gone to ruin.

where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying. The King was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the King and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first, he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the King had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the King. When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the King slept but lightly, and for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The King was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armor which he wore, freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another. He

then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was? The King answered that he was a traveler, who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and, although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity¹ to the King; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready

1. *Fidelity*. Faithfulness; loyalty.

for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after, they heard the voice of the good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farm-house, according to the instructions that the King had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable¹ body of followers, than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

1. *Considerable.* Large.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: gentlemen, moors, corn, fertile, hardily, quarries, accordingly, subdue, impenetrable, possessed themselves, inroads, laying it waste, Anglo-Saxons, fastnesses, descendants, nobility, dethroned, Lord Paramount, deliverance, candidates, renunciation, swarthy, estates, usurper, insurgent, oppressors, prudent, relentless, pretensions, posted, insurrection, haughty barons, vengeance, resentment, circlet, ceremonial, vindicate, incensed, Saracens, excommunicated, consecrated, dexterity, redoubted champion, strait, precipitous, memorial, resented, accomplishments, rigor, infidels, muster, decisive, communication, archer, penetrated, reputed, consequence, quartered, bloodhounds, disperse, salutation, ruinous, inclination, considerable, sentinels.

2. What constitutes the island of Great Britain?

3. What had been the attitude of the Scotch and the English people toward each other previous to their union?

4. Tell the story of the Roman conquest of the Britons. Why did they not conquer the Scots also?

5. Tell the story of the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England.

6. What brought John Baliol into disfavor with the Scotch people?

7. Who were the chief claimants to the Scottish throne after Baliol's imprisonment?

8. What did Bruce do after the defeat of Falkirk?

9. What aroused Bruce and caused him to espouse the cause of the Scotch against the English?

10. Relate the story of the death of Comyn.

11. Why did the killing of Comyn hasten Bruce's declaration for the freedom of Scotland?

12. What was the result of the battle of Methven? What saved Bruce?
13. What did Bruce and his followers do after the battle of Methven?
14. Describe Bruce's fight with M'Androsser and his two sons.
15. What did Bruce do to entertain his followers?
16. Where did Bruce spend the winter of 1306? What happened to his followers in Scotland during that winter?
17. Tell the story of Bruce and the spider.
18. Tell how the meeting between Bruce and James Douglas was brought about.
19. What precautions did Bruce and his followers take before attempting to land in Scotland?
20. Tell how their signal plan led them into danger.
21. Describe how Robert Bruce turned back two hundred men at a ford.
22. Tell how Bruce escaped when trailed by bloodhounds.
23. How did the Scotch dame show her loyalty for Scotland?
24. What was the result of Bruce's successes and victories?
25. What do you think enabled Robert Bruce to accomplish so much for his country?

COLUMBUS

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER (1841-1913) was born in Indiana. Most of his life, however, was spent on the Pacific coast, his parents having moved to California shortly after the discovery of gold there, in 1848. Mr. Miller was a man of wide experience and broad sympathies. He was a miner, a lawyer, and an editor. He traveled extensively in Europe, and made a trip to the Klondike region shortly after the discovery of gold there.

Under the pen name Joaquin (wä-kën') Miller he has written several volumes of verse and a few dramatic selections dealing with Western life.

Perhaps the best of Miller's poems is his "Columbus." The London *Athenium* at one time pronounced it the best American poem. Joaquin Miller sees in the unyielding determination of Columbus the spirit which moves the New World.

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,¹

Behind the Gates of Hercules;²

Before him not the ghost of shores;

Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,

For lo! the very stars are gone,

Brave Adm'r'l³ speak; what shall I say?"

"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous⁴ day by day;

My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."

The stout mate thought of home; a spray

Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day:

'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,

Until at last the blanched⁵ mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know

Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,⁶

For God from these dread seas is gone.

1. *Azores*. A group of small islands lying about a thousand miles west of Spain.

2. *Gates of Hercules*. The Strait of Gibraltar.

3. *Adm'r'l*. Admiral.

4. *Mutinous*. Rebellious.

5. *Blanched*. Pale.

6. *These very winds forget their way*. The sailors were much frightened when the ships came into the path of the trade wind, for they were unfamiliar with winds which blew continually in the same course.

Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,

And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

A light! A light! At last a light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave that world

Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: Azores, Gates of Hercules, mate, Admiral, mutinous, ghastly, wan, swarthy, blanched, dread, starlit, unfurled.

2. Locate the Azores Islands and the Gates of Hercules.

3. Explain, "the very stars are gone."

4. What instructions did the mate hope to get from Columbus?

5. Explain, "For God from these dread seas is gone."

6. In what way does the mate describe the stormy sea to the Admiral?

7. Explain, "peered through darkness."

8. What lesson did Columbus teach the world he discovered?

THE KANSAS OCTOBER

EUGENE F. WARE (1841-1911) was born at Hartford, Connecticut, but moved to Iowa with his parents when he was a mere boy. He learned the harness-maker's trade, and worked at it until the beginning of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a private in an Iowa regiment. He remained in the service until June, 1867, attaining the rank of captain. In 1867 he moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, and engaged in the harness and saddlery business. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1872 he became editor of the *Fort Scott Monitor*.

Ware had a brilliant career in law and politics. Shortly after he was admitted to the bar he began to contribute poems to the newspapers under the name Ironquill. These poems soon won for him recognition throughout the country. Ware was especially loyal to Kansas, and a number of his poems reflect the spirit and the history of the state. In "The Kansas October" he has painted a rare picture of the Kansas autumn.

THE KANSAS OCTOBER

THE cheeriness and charm
Of forest and of farm
Are merging into colors sad and sober;
The hectic frondage¹ drapes
The nut trees and the grapes—
September yields to opulent² October.

The cottonwoods that fringe
The streamlets take the tinge;
Through opal haze the sumac bush is burning;
The lazy zephyrs lisp,
Through cornfields dry and crisp,
Their fond regrets for days no more returning.

1. *Hectic frondage* (hěk'tík frŏn'dāj). Pinkish red foliage.

2. *Opulent*. Rich; abundant.

The farm dog leaves the house
 To flush the timid grouse;¹
 The languid steers on blue-stem² lawns are feeding;
 The evening twilight sees
 The rising Pleiades,³
 While autumn suns are to the south receding.

To me there comes no thrill
 Of gloominess or chill,
 As leaflets fade from branches elm or oaken,
 As lifelessly they hang,
 To me there comes no pang;
 To me no grief the falling leaves betoken.

As summer's floral gems
 Bequeath us⁴ withered stems,
 And autumn-shattered relics dry and umber;⁵
 So do these lives of ours,
 Like summer leaves and flowers,
 Flourish apace,⁶ and in their ripeness slumber.

—EUGENE F. WARE.

From "Rhymes of Ironquill," by Eugene F. Ware. Used by permission of E. H. Ware.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: merging, hectic, frondage, opulent, tinge, opal haze, zephyrs, flush, languid, Pleiades, receding, pang, betoken, relics, apace.

2. Explain, "opulent October."

3. Explain how autumn suns recede to the south.

1. *Flush the timid grouse.* To startle the prairie chickens from their hiding places.

2. *Blue-stem.* A tall, jointed, wild grass, formerly common on the prairies of eastern Kansas.

3. *Pleiades* (plē'yá-dēz). A group of stars in the constellation Taurus.

4. *Bequeath us.* Leave to us after death.

5. *Umber.* Of a dusky hue; dark.

6. *Flourish apace.* Pass rapidly on.

4. What is the poet's attitude toward the gloominess and chill of autumn?
5. Explain, "autumn-shattered relics."
6. In what way are our lives like "summer's floral gems"?

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

THIS selection is taken from the novel "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott. For biographical sketch of the author, see page 1.

Prince John, during the absence of his brother, King Richard I. of England, on a crusade to the Holy Land, gave a tournament for the entertainment of the Norman nobles and the Saxon subjects of the King. The first days of the tournament were given over to combats between the knights. The last day was to be devoted to contests among the Saxon subjects. The chief contest was that of archery.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory¹ public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen² should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric³ richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan⁴ sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves

1. *Peremptory* (pěr'ěmp-tō-rĭ). Imperative.

2. *Yeomen*. Freemen, next under the rank of gentlemen.

3. *Baldric*. A belt worn over one shoulder and across the breast to support a sword or bugle.

4. *Silvan*. Pertaining to the woods.

as competitors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers¹ in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket² are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery.³ Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment,⁴ whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture⁵ and disgrace."

1. *Rangers and underkeepers.* Government officials in charge of the king's forests.

2. *Newmarket.* A horse-training and horse-racing center in Suffolk, England.

3. *Royal livery.* The dress or uniform worn by those in the service of the royal family.

4. *Object of his resentment.* One of the yeomen, Locksley, had angered Prince John the day before by referring to the fate of William Rufus, a former king of England.

5. *Discomfiture* (dīs-kŭm'fī-tŭr). Defeat.

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."¹

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles;² but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green³ and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refuseth my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists⁴ shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the

1. *Third prize . . . your displeasure.* Two prizes in the tournament had been won by the Saxon knight, Ivanhoe, much to John's displeasure.

2. *Nobles.* Gold coins worth about a dollar and a half each.

3. *Lincoln green.* Outer garments of a green cloth made in Lincoln, England.

4. *Provost of the lists* (pröv'üst). The person having charge or authority on the lists, or tournament grounds.

best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy¹ if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous² lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access;³ the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers.⁴ The archers having previously determined by lot their order of precedence,⁵ were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were

1. *Infamy*. Disgrace.

2. *Jealous*. Suspicious.

3. *Access*. Entrance.

4. *A shot at rovers*. A shot with an elevation, not on a horizontal line.

5. *Their order of precedence* (prê-sêd'ëns). The order in which they were to shoot.

shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin,¹ who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith² it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings,³ and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

1. *Malvoisin* (mäl-vwä-zân).

2. *Sith*. Since.

3. *Hastings*. The battle of Hastings.

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an¹ thou suffer that runagate² knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!³ in the clout! a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

1. *An.* If.

2. *Runagate.* Renegade. A traitor; a deserter.

3. *Clout.* The bull's-eye, perhaps first marked by a piece of white cloth called a clout.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I

call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers;¹ or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin,² and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle,³ or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah⁴ Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated⁵ their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them

1. *Bucklers*. Small round shields to be carried on the arm.

2. *Jerkin*. A jacket.

3. *Whittle*. A sheath knife, worn at the belt.

4. *Sirrah* (sîr'â). Fellow; sir.

5. *Vindicated*. Justified.

fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: proclamation, peremptory, execute, medallion, frequent, persons, livery, long-bow, relish, unwittingly, men-at-arms, scourge, craven, jealous, precedence, quiver, gallows, bonny lass, ungenerous, headless shaft, fivescore, cleave, jerkin, sirrah, frayed, vindicated, take livery and service, body-guard.

2. What importance did the yeomen place upon their skill in archery?

3. How did Prince John and Locksley regard each other?

4. Explain how the contest was conducted.

5. What condition did Locksley impose before he would compete with Hubert?

6. Describe the shooting in the contest between Hubert and Locksley.

7. How did the yeomen explain Locksley's wonderful marksmanship?

8. Why did the yeomen cry "For shame!" when Prince John attempted to send guards with Locksley?

9. What precautions did Locksley take in his last trial of skill?

10. What evidences are there that Locksley was not the braggart that Prince John thought him to be?

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS (1793-1835) was born in Liverpool, England. She began to write when a small child, her first volume of poems being published in 1808. Among her best-known poems are "The Voice of Spring," "The Better Land," "The Treasures of the Deep," and "Bernardo Del Carpio."

In "The Landing of the Pilgrims" Mrs. Hemans has paid a beautiful tribute to the sincerity and heroism of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles¹ moored their bark²
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom³
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

1. *Band of exiles.* The Pilgrims had been driven from England because they refused to worship according to the rules of the established church.

2. *Moored their bark.* Anchored their ship.

3. *The desert gloom.* The gloom of the forest.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem¹ of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary² hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely³ high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!⁴

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

1. *Anthem*. Any song or hymn of gladness or praise, or expressive of solemnity and consecration.

2. *Hoary*. White.

3. *Serenely*. Calmly.

4. *Shrine*. A place of worship.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: rock-bound, moored, true-hearted, desert, lofty cheer, sounding aisles, wither, serenely, spoils.
 2. In what spirit did the Pilgrims come to their New England home?
 3. Explain, "the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang to the anthem of the free."
 4. How were the Pilgrims welcomed in their new home?
 5. What kind of people made up the band of Pilgrims?
 6. What did they seek in their new home?
 7. Why should the landing place of the Pilgrims be called holy ground?
-

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was born at Portland, Maine. His father's family had been one of prominence in New England for several generations. His mother was the daughter of General Wadsworth, one of the commanders in the Revolutionary War.

Longfellow grew up under ideal home conditions. He was naturally studious, and eagerly read the good literature with which his parents provided him. He secured his early education at Portland, and attended Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine. Here he had as classmates J. S. C. Abbott, the historian; Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist; and Franklin Pierce, who afterwards became President of the United States. Longfellow graduated in 1825, ranking second in his class.

Upon his graduation the trustees of Bowdoin College asked him to accept the newly established professorship of modern languages, and suggested that he travel and study in Europe. He spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, learning the languages and absorbing the culture of these countries. After five years' teaching at Bowdoin, he was called to the chair of modern languages in Harvard College. This position he held until 1856, when he resigned so that he could give his entire attention to writing poetry.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is a story of the early Pilgrims of Plymouth. It deals with incidents which occurred shortly after the terrible first winter, while yet they were almost

constantly in danger from warlike bands of Indians. Longfellow, who was proud to trace his descent from Priscilla and John Alden, tells in a charming way how the love of Captain Miles Standish for the Puritan maiden caused much trouble and dismay.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony¹ days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,²

To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose,³ and boots of Cordovan leather,⁴
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.

Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him,
and pausing

Ever and anon⁵ to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass⁶ and corselet⁷ of steel, and his trusty sword of
Damascus,

1. *Old Colony*. The name "Old Colony" was applied to Plymouth after other settlements had been made in New England.

2. *Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims*. The Pilgrims, so called because of their removal from England to America to secure religious freedom, made their settlement at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

3. *Doublet and hose*. The doublet was a close-fitting coat with a short skirt belted at the waist. The hose extended from the skirt to the feet and served the purpose of trousers.

4. *Cordovan leather* (kôr'dô-văn). A fine-grained leather manufactured at Cordova, Spain.

5. *Ever and anon*. Now and then.

6. *Cutlass*. A short, heavy, slightly curved sword.

7. *Corselet* (kôrs'lêt). The complete armor of a soldier; or the breastplate.

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,¹

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.²

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,³ Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."⁴

1. *Sword of Damascus*, . . . with its mystical Arabic sentence. Swords made in Damascus were famous for the fine temper of their steel. Mottoes in the Arabic language, referring to some mysterious legend, were frequently engraved on the blades.

2. *Fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock*. The fowling-piece was a light gun used in bird-hunting. The musket was used in light infantry divisions of the armies. The matchlock was a musket equipped with a lock holding a piece of twisted flax to retain the fire. It was fired by pressing the lighted flax against the powder in the pan.

3. *Saxon complexion*. The Saxons, one of the Germanic races from which the English are descended, were very fair. They were particularly noted for their light hair and blue eyes.

4. "*Not Angles, but Angels*." A monk named Gregory, who afterwards became Pope Gregory the Great, made this remark when he was told that three fair-haired captives, whom he had noticed in the slave-market at Rome, were "Angles" from Britain.

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.

“Look at these arms,” he said, “the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders;¹
this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.²
Had it not been of sheer³ steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses.”⁴

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

“Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!”

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:

1. *Flanders*. A province in Belgium. During the war in which the Dutch gained their independence from Spain many English soldiers and adventurers fought against the Spanish.

2. *Arcabucero* (är'kä-bōō-thä'rō). A soldier armed with an arquebus (är'kwē-būs), a matchlock gun used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

3. *Sheer*. Pure.

4. *Flemish morasses*. Swamps in Flanders.

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal¹
hanging;

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to
others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent
adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your
inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible²
army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest³ and his
matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,⁴

And, like Cæsar,⁵ I know the name of each of my soldiers!"

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the
sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :

"Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer⁶
planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to
the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,⁷

1. *Arsenal*. A place where arms and war supplies are kept.

2. *Invincible*. Unconquerable.

3. *Rest*. Gun rest, a support for a gun when it is fired.

4. *Diet and pillage*. The soldiers received eighteen shillings (about four dollars and a half) a month, besides their food and the pillage, or plunder, they secured in raids against the Indians.

5. *Cæsar*. Julius Cæsar (100-44 B. C.), the greatest of all Roman generals. He is said to have known by name each member of his famous Twelfth Legion.

6. *Howitzer*. A cannon.

7. *Irresistible logic*. Reasoning that cannot be answered.

Orthodox, flashing conviction¹ right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians; Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—

Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,²

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"³

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;"⁴

1. *Orthodox, flashing conviction.* "Orthodox" means correct in doctrine. Miles Standish had a soldier's notion of "converting the Indians."

2. *Sagamore, sachem or pow-wow* (săg'ă-môr, sâ'chēm). The sagamore and the sachem were Indian tribal chiefs. The pow-wow was a medicine man or conjurer.

3. *Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon* (ăs'pî-nêt, săm'o-sêt, kôr'bi-tănt, skwăn'tō, tők'ă-mă-hă'môn). The names of Indian chiefs.

4. *Rose Standish.* Rose Standish, the first wife of Miles Standish, died one month after the landing of the Pilgrims.

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the way-side!

She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,

Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"¹

Sadly his face he averted,² and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;

Bariffe's Artillery Guide,³ and the Commentaries of Cæsar⁴

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.

Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused,
as if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews,⁵ the famous campaigns of the Romans,

1. *How many already have perished.* About half of the Pilgrims who came in the Mayflower died during the first winter.

2. *Averted.* Turned aside.

3. *Bariffe's Artillery Guide.* A book on military tactics, written by William Bariffe.

4. *Commentaries of Cæsar.* Cæsar's account of the wars he conducted in Gaul (now France) and Britain.

5. *Wars of the Hebrews.* The story of the wars of the Jews is found in the historical books of the Old Testament.

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent¹ Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,²

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,

Busily writing epistles³ important, to go by the Mayflower, Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!

Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,

Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla! Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,

Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,

Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,

1. *Belligerent* (bě-lj'ěr-ěnt). Warlike; fighting.

2. *Ponderous Roman*. The heavy volume of Cæsar's Commentaries.

3. *Epistles* (ě-pis''lz). Letters.

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely,¹ the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."²

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,³

Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!⁴

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

1. *Comely*. Handsome.

2. *Memoirs* (mēm'wärz). An account of one's life; a biography.

3. *In a little Iberian village*. The Iberians were early inhabitants of western Europe. Cæsar is said to have made the remark during a trip across the Alps Mountains.

4. *Brutus*. Cæsar was assassinated by a group of Roman nobles, led by Brutus and Cassius.

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely
together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a
shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and com-
manded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;¹
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their
weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.²
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well
done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May-
flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous
cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his
musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth:

1. *Ensigns.* The standards or colors of the legion.

2. *Battle of something-or-other.* This battle is described in Cæsar's Commentaries, book II, chapter 25.

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:

"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to¹ Miles Standish."

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:²

"'Tis not good for a man to be alone,³ say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship; Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,

1. *Pertains to.* Has to do with.

2. *Culling his phrases.* Selecting his words; speaking slowly and deliberately.

3. *'Tis not good for a man to be alone.* See Genesis ii, 18.

Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is
Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared
to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the
most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of
actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a
soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a
maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired,
taciturn¹ stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with
lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his
bosom,

1. *Taciturn* (tăs'î-tûrn). Reserved; habitually silent.

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:

“Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;

If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!”

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:

“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay¹ it;

But we must use it discreetly,² and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not. I’m not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering ‘No!’ point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I’m afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant³ scholar,

1. *Gainsay*. Contradict; dispute.

2. *Discreetly*. Wisely; carefully.

3. *Elegant*. Polished; finished.

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant¹ and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,

Peaceful, ærial² cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,

1. *Reluctant*. Unwilling.

2. *Ærial* (ā-ē'ri-āl). Of or in the air.

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,

As in a foundering¹ ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,—

"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption²

Rise, like an exhalation,³ the misty phantoms of passion;⁴
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!

This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,⁵

Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.⁶

1. *Foundering.* Filling with water; sinking.

2. *Corruption.* Wickedness; impurity.

3. *Exhalation.* Vapor; mist.

4. *Misty phantoms of passion.* False hopes and illusions of love.

5. *I have followed . . . and devices.* The Puritans believed the chief purpose of life to be the cultivation of holiness. They were suspicious of pleasure and happiness as being instruments of the devil.

6. *Worshipping Astaroth . . . idols of Baal.* Astaroth and Baal were Phœnician gods. Alden refers to them as examples of false gods. He fears that in pursuing his own happiness in his love for Priscilla he has been worshipping false gods.

This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution." ¹

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on
his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over
pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers² blooming
around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful
sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in
their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan
maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of
Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take
them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither
and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his
errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of
the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of
Priscilla

1. *Retribution*. Punishment.

2. *May-flowers*. The poet here means the trailing arbutus, called "May-flower" by the Pilgrims, in memory of the English May-flower or hawthorn.

Singing the hundredth Psalm,¹ the grand old Puritan
anthem,
Music that Luther² sang to the sacred words of the
Psalmist,³
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting
many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the
maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool⁴ like a snow-
drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous⁵
spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel
in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
Ainsworth,⁶
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a
churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old
Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,

1. *Hundredth Psalm.* The music was practically the same as "Old Hundred."

2. *Luther.* Martin Luther (1483-1546). The leader of the Reformation, which resulted in the establishment of the Protestant churches.

3. *The Psalmist.* King David, who is believed to have written most of the Psalms.

4. *Carded wool.* Wool was prepared for spinning by combing or carding with a steel brush which straightened out the fibers.

5. *Ravenous.* Hungry; devouring.

6. *Psalm-book of Ainsworth.* The Puritan hymn-book, which was printed in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1600.

Making the humble house and the modest apparel of
homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of
her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and
relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and
woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had
vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look
backwards;¹
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to
its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths
of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and
the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the
threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of
welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in
the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spin-
ning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him
had been mingled

1. *Let not him . . . look backwards.* See Luke ix, 62.

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the
maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for
an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that
day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the
village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that en-
cumbered¹ the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,
and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the
fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in
the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he
spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for
an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that
sailed on the morrow.
“I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Puritan
maiden,
“Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-
rows of England,²—

1. *Encumbered*. Obstructed.

2. *Hedgerows of England*. Hedgerows are very common in England. The blossoming vines which overrun them make the country seem “all like a garden.”

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden:

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed¹ in this terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous² writer of letters,—

1. *Quailed*. Lost spirit; become cast down.

2. *Dexterous* (dĕks'tēr-ŭs). Skillful; clever.

Did not embellish¹ the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated² with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.

1. *Embellish*. Enrich; make elegant.

2. *Dilated*. Opened wide.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of
this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,¹
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that
a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have
been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he
loved me,
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might
have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of
Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in
Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer
affliction;
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of
Plymouth;

1. *Avowal*. Open declaration.

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly¹
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,
 England,
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston
 de Standish;
 Heir unto vast estates,² of which he was basely defrauded,
 Still bore the family arms,³ and had for his crest a cock
 argent,⁴
 Combed and wattled gules,⁵ and all the rest of the blazon.⁶
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how dur-
 ing the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as wo-
 man's;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-
 strong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable⁷
 always,
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of
 stature;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous,⁸ courtly, coura-
 geous;

1. *Could trace his pedigree plainly.* The Standishes of England traced their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, who was living in 1221. The name Standish appears frequently in the story of England's wars.

2. *Heir unto vast estates.* Miles Standish claimed to be, through his great grandfather, heir to certain lands in England. He stated in his will that they had been illegally kept from him.

3. *Family arms.* A design used as a mark of dignity and distinction by a noble family.

4. *For his crest a cock argent.* The figure of a silver cock was the crest or top part of the design.

5. *Combed and wattled gules.* "Gules" means red. The comb and wattles of the silver cock were painted red.

6. *Blazon.* Family arms.

7. *Placable* (plā'kà-b'l). Willing to forgive; easily pacified.

8. *Magnanimous* (măg-năn'î-mūs). Generous; great of mind.

Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and elo-
quent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly¹ the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?"

IV

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the
sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the
east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic² splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,³
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured
the city.

1. *Archly*. With attractive shyness; roguishly.

2. *Apocalyptic* (ă-pŏk'ă-lĭp'ti-kăĭ). Revealing; pertaining to revelation.

3. *The vision of John the Apostle*. In Revelation xxi, John the Apostle describes his vision of the City of God. The foundations of the wall of the city were of jasper, sapphire, chrysolite, and other precious stones. The angel, who led John, measured the walls of the city with a golden reed (a measure about three yards long).

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,¹

"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!

Blowing o'er fields of dulse,² and measureless meadows of sea-grass,

Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes³ and gardens of ocean!

Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me

Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,

Beating remorseful and loud the mutable⁴ sands of the sea-shore.

Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,

Passionate cries of desire, and importunate⁵ pleadings of duty!

"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?

Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?"

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:

1. *Exultation*. Rapture; joy of triumph.

2. *Dulse* (düls). A coarse, red seaweed.

3. *Grottoes* (gröt'ôz). Caves.

4. *Mutable*. Changeable.

5. *Importunate*. Urgent; pressing.

“It hath displeased the Lord!”—and he thought of David’s transgression,¹
Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement² and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:³
“It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage⁴
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate,⁵ and the sailors’ “Ay, ay, Sir!”
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,

1. *David's transgression.* King David fell in love with the beautiful Bathsheba. In order to have her for his wife he sent her husband, Uriah, the Hittite, to the front of the battle that he might be killed.

2. *Abasement.* Humiliation; shame.

3. *Contrition* (kōn-trish'ūn). Sorrow for sin because sin displeases God.

4. *Cordage.* The ropes in the rigging of a ship.

5. *Mate.* On a merchant vessel, the officer ranking next below captain.

Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

“Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured; “the hand of the Lord is

Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,

Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,

Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o’er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.

Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,

Close by my mother’s side, and among the dust of my kindred;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor;

Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber

With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers

Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!”¹

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,

1. *The great espousal hereafter.* The marriage supper of the Lamb of God. See Revelation xix, 7-10.

Through the congenial gloom of the forest¹ silent and
sombre,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the
evening.

Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable
Captain

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages² of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or
Flanders.³

"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a
cheery demeanor,⁴

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the
issue.

"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between
us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were going
and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a
city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has
happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous
adventure,

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his
courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.

1. *Congenial gloom of the forest.* The gloom of the forest was in harmony with John Alden's feelings.

2. *Martial pages.* Pages filled with accounts of the wars.

3. *Hainault or Brabant or Flanders* (ě-nō', brā-bănt'). Provinces in Belgium.

4. *Demeanor.* Manner; behavior.

But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister¹ omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, E'en as a hand-grenade,² that scatters destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted,³ defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;⁴

Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is the treason to friendship!

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—

1. *Sinister*. Indicating evil, or harm.

2. *Hand-grenade*. An explosive shell to be thrown by hand.

3. *Have supplanted*. Have taken the place of.

4. *One of my ancestors . . . Wat Tyler*. John Standyshe was knighted for killing Wat Tyler, a leader of a rebellion against Richard II., in 1381.

You too, Brutus!¹ ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing² and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,

Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions³ of Indians!

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,⁴

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard⁵ of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.

Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.

1. *You too, Brutus!* Cæsar, when he discovered his friend, Brutus, among his assassins, exclaimed "Et tu, Brute!" (You too, Brutus!).

2. *Chafing* (chăf'ing). Fretting.

3. *Incursions*. Raids; invasions.

4. *Parley*. Discussion. The word is usually applied to a conference with an enemy.

5. *Scabbard*. The sheath in which the blade of a sword is enclosed when not in use.

Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the
darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the
insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as
in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in
secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away
to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his
coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere¹ and grave in deport-
ment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth.²
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this
planting,
Then had sifted the wheat,³ as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and
defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in
aspect;

1. *Austere*. Severe; stern.

2. *Elder of Plymouth*. William Brewster (1560-1644).

3. *God had sifted three kingdoms . . . then had sifted the wheat*. Leyden, where the Pilgrims had lived before they came to America, was the refuge of dissenters, or separatists, from the established churches of three nations, England, France, and Holland. The Pilgrims who sailed in the Mayflower represented the best blood of all these dissenters.

While on the table before them was lying unopened a
Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in
Holland,¹
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge
of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues
of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them
debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and
menace,²
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, object-
ing;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian
behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart³ Captain of
Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with
anger,
“What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water
of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage

1. *Printed in Holland.* The Puritans did not approve of the King James version of the Bible, published in England in 1611, but followed the old Genevan version, which they had printed in Holland.

2. *Menace.* Threat.

3. *Stalwart.* Sturdy; brave.

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language;

"Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles; Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:¹

"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous, Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets

Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage, Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage, Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,

Winding his sinuous² way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

1. *Discoursing*. Speaking.

2. *Sinuous* (sīn'ū-ūs). Bending in and out; of a wavy form.

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from
the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of
Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
"Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous
army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok,¹ friend of the
white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the
savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of
King David;²
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the
Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philis-
tines.³
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried⁴ billows, ad-
vancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

1. *Hobomok* (hō'bō-mōk).

2. *Mighty men of King David*. David was a man of many wars. A list of his "mighty men" is given in II Samuel xxiii, 8-39.

3. *Midianites and Philistines* (mīd'ī-ăn-ītz, fil'is-tīnz). Heathen tribes frequently at war with King David.

4. *Serried* (sēr'id). Crowded; pressed together.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the
village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold¹
labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from
the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of
the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for
the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers
that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his
absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated² with hymns the common cares of the house-
hold.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his
coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the
winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her
canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the
sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the
echoes

1. *Manifold*. Many and varied.

2. *Consecrated*. Made sacred.

Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!

Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!

Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,

Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;

Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;

Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac,¹ ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed² to speak, imploring for pardon;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,³

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,

1. *Bivouac* (bīv'wāk). A night's encampment of an army.

2. *Essayed*. Attempted.

3. *Stephen and Richard and Gilbert*. These names the poet selected from Bradford's list of Pilgrims. The "Stephen" and the "Gilbert" refer to Stephen Hopkins and Gilbert Winslow. There were several Richards in the list.

And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the
sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet
as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master,¹ already a little
impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the
eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean
about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and
parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the
gunwale,²
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the
sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts,³ all ready and eager for start-
ing.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or
canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise
and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of
Priscilla

1. *Master*. The title given to the commander of a merchant vessel.

2. *Gunwale* (gŭn'əl). The upper edge of a boat's side.

3. *Thwarts*. Rowers' seats reaching across the boat.

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that
was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and
patient,

That with a sudden revulsion¹ his heart recoiled from its
purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is de-
struction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious
instincts!

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall ada-
mantine!²

"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the
heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist
and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering head-
long.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above
me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the
ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-
like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for
protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I
heed not

1. *Revulsion*. Strong reaction; entire change.

2. *Adamantine*. Impenetrable; extremely hard.

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so whole-
some,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by
her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her
weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at
the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the
leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and
important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the
weather,
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded
around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remem-
brance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a
tiller,¹
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his
vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and
sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but
Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the
Pilgrims.

1. *Tiller*. A lever or handle fixed to the rudder of a boat and used to turn the rudder from side to side.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors

Heaving the windlass¹ round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,

Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet,² and leaving far to the southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,³

Took the wind on her quarter,⁴ and stood for the open Atlantic,

Borne on the send of the sea,⁵ and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,

1. *Windlass.* The windlass used on ships in raising the anchors was a horizontal drum or spindle turned by spikes, which were inserted in holes near each end of the drum.

2. *Point of the Gurnet.* A headland on the north side of the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.

3. *Field of the First Encounter.* Before landing at Plymouth the Pilgrims spent some time in looking for a suitable place for their settlement. A party of them landed at a place not far from Cape Cod and had their first meeting with the Indians.

4. *Took the wind on her quarter.* The vessel was held in such position that the wind blew against the after part of her side.

5. *Send of the sea.* The impulse of a wave by which a vessel is carried.

Much endeared to them all, as something living and
human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision
prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the
Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and
above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and
their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer
that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the
ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a grave-
yard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an
Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with
each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!"
he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a
little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the
billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of
the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.¹

1. *Like the spirit of God, . . . over the waters.* See Genesis i, 2.

VI

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the
ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the
loadstone,¹
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside
him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?”
said she.

“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were
pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and
wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of
decorum?²
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for
saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never
unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of
emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a
pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered
together.

1. *Loadstone*. A mineral having natural power to attract iron
and other minerals.

2. *Decorum* (dê-kô'rŭm). Proper conduct.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of
Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into
virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in
Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your
hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship
between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend
of Miles Standish:

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my
keeping."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and
decisive;

"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and
freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is
speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its
silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean¹ rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen,
and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profit-
less murmurs."

1. *Subterranean* (süb'tēr-ä'nē-ăn). Underground.

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,¹

More like the river Euphrates,² through deserts of Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,³

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal⁴ level.

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

1. *Beautiful rivers . . . garden of Eden.* See Genesis ii, 10-15.

2. *Euphrates* (û-frā'tēz). The Euphrates, a river in Babylonia, is very prominent in Bible history.

3. *Misgiving.* Distrust; fear of evil.

4. *Ethereal.* Celestial; pertaining to the heavens.

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among
many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary
phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with
women,
But which women reject as insipid,¹ if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at
Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in
her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly² the cause of
another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain
for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined³ or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward
and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think,
and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions
of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you
always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted⁴ to hear
you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain
Miles Standish.

1. *Insipid* (In-sĭp'ĭd). Lacking spirit or life; weak.

2. *Glibly* (glib'li). Smoothly; without earnestness.

3. *Divined*. Detected; surmised.

4. *Affronted*. Offended; provoked.

For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your
friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero
you think him.”
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly
grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and
bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a
voice full of feeling:
“Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you
friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and
dearest!”

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the
Mayflower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefi-
nite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the
desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and
smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
“Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the
Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a
household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened
between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful
you found me.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—

Told her his own despair, and the direful¹ wrath of Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

“He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!”

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,—

How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

“Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!”

Thus, as a pilgrim devout,² who toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,

Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

1. *Direful*. Dreadful.

2. *Pilgrim devout*. Longfellow here refers to the pilgrims of the Middle Ages, who made journeys to the Holy Land as acts of piety and devotion to their religion.

VII

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching
steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend
of the sea-shore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of
powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of
the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his dis-
comfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted,¹ rejected, and laughed to scorn by a
maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most
he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed
in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the
folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the
harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of
maidens?
'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so
many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worth-
less;

1. *Flouted*. Mocked; held in contempt.

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and
henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and dis-
comfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the
forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations¹ beyond
them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian en-
campment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and
the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with
war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of
the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre² and
musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among
them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a
present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was
hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in
stature,

1. *Constellations.* Groups of fixed stars.

2. *Sabre.* A sword-like weapon with curved blade, used chiefly
in the cavalry.

Huge as Goliath of Gath,¹ or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;²
One was Pecksuot³ named, and the other was called Wattawamat.⁴
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,⁵
Two-edged, trenchant⁶ knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
“Welcome, English!” they said,—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.⁷
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague,⁸ in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!

1. *Goliath of Gath* (gō-lī'ăth). See I Samuel xvii, 4-10.

2. *Og, king of Bashan*. See Deuteronomy iii, 11.

3. *Pecksuot* (pĕk'sōō-ōt).

4. *Wattawamat* (wăt-ă-wă'măt).

5. *Scabbards of wampum*. Sheaths for their knives, made of shells polished and strung together.

6. *Trenchant*. Sharp; keen.

7. *Barter and chaffer for peltries*. To trade for furs.

8. *The plague*. The Pilgrims had selected as a site for Plymouth a cleared area that had been abandoned by the Indians a short time before because of a pestilence. The Indians suspected that the plague had been visited on them by the white men.

But when Standish refused, and said he would give them
the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to
bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the
other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly¹ spake to the
Captain:

"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the
Captain,

Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Watta-
wamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven² by
lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about
him,

Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave
Wattawamat?'"

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on
his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle;
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:

"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the
handle;

By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of
children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting
Miles Standish:

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at
his bosom,

1. *Vauntingly*. Boastingly.

2. *Riven*. Torn.

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as
he muttered,

“By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall
speak not!

This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to
destroy us!

He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!”

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of
Indians

Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the
forest,

Feigning¹ to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-
strings,

Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their
ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissembled² and treated
them smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the
fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt,
and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston
de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his
temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his
knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness
upon it.

1. *Feigning*. Pretending.

2. *Dissembled*. Put on a false appearance.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop.

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,

Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving¹ and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay,
and above them,

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:—

“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength,
and his stature,—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man;
but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before
you!”

1. *Unswerving*. Straight.

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart
Miles Standish.

When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of
Plymouth,

And as a trophy¹ of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a
church and a fortress,

All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took
courage.

Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles
Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his
battles,

He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward
of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the
ships of the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for
the Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their
labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and
with merestead,²

Busy with breaking the glebe,³ and mowing the grass in
the meadows,

1. *Trophy*. Token of victory; memorial.

2. *Merestead*. Farm land.

3. *Glebe*. Sod or turf.

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.

All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare

Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,

Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,¹ Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.² Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition

Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.³

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.

Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;⁴

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard: Still may be seen⁵ to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.

1. *Alien armies.* The Indian war bands.

2. *The nations.* The Indian tribes.

3. *Brackish.* Distasteful; nauseous.

4. *Rushes.* Coarse, grasslike marsh plants.

5. *Still may be seen.* The descendants of John Alden still owned the original homestead. It is located in Duxbury, a small village in Plymouth county, Massachusetts.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure
from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's
allotment¹
In the division of cattle, might ruminate² in the night time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet
pennyroyal.³

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would
the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the
house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtile⁴ deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of
friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his
dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved⁵ in the soil of his
garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sun-
day
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the
Proverbs,⁶—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her
always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not
evil,

1. *Allotment*. Share; portion.

2. *Ruminate*. Meditate upon.

3. *Pennyroyal*. A strong-scented herb of the mint family.

4. *Subtile*. Crafty; skillful.

5. *Delved*. Dug.

6. *The virtuous woman*, . . . in the *Proverbs*. See *Proverbs*, xxxi, 12, 13, 19, and 21.

How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with
gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the
distaff,¹
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her house-
hold,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth
of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous
fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and
his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the
spindle.
“Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “when I see you spinning and
spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a
moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful
Spinner.”²
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter;
the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in
her fingers;
While the impetuous³ speaker, not heeding the mischief,
continued:

1. *Distaff*. A staff or rod for holding the linen, cotton, or wool when spinning.

2. *Bertha the Beautiful Spinner*. The daughter of Burkhard of Swabia, who married Rudolph II., King of Burgundy.

3. *Impetuous*. Excitable; impulsive.

"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;¹
She whose story I read at a stall² in the streets of Southampton,³
Who, as she rode on her palfrey,⁴ o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,

1. *Helvetia*. The ancient Latin name for Switzerland, which was included in the kingdom of Burgundy under Rudolph II.

2. *Stall*. A place where books were sold, similar to a modern book store.

3. *Southampton*. A seaport town in England.

4. *Palfrey*. A woman's saddle-horse.

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,

Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,

Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,

Into an ambush beguiled,¹ cut off with the whole of his forces;

All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!

1. *Beguiled* (bê-gîld'). Betrayed; led.

Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of
the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking
backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and
had sundered¹

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a
captive,

Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his
freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was
doing,

Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of
Priscilla,

Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and
exclaiming:

"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them
asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate
sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and
pursuing

Each one its devious² path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place³ in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing
asunder,

1. *Sundered*. Broken.

2. *Devious* (dē'vī-ūs). Winding; rambling.

3. *Trysting-place* (trīst'ing). An appointed meeting-place.

Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple
and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest in his garments
resplendent,¹
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pome-
granates.²
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath
him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was
a laver!³

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan
maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magis-
trate⁴ also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the
Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction⁵ of earth and one with the blessing
of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of
Boaz.⁶

1. *High-Priest in his garments resplendent.* Read the description of the garments of the Hebrew high priests in Exodus xxviii, 4-43.

2. *Pomegranates* (pöm-grän'ätz). Ornaments resembling the pomegranate, a fruit much like the orange in size and color.

3. *Laver* (lä'vër). A basin or bowl for water.

4. *Magistrate.* William Bradford, the governor of the colony.

5. *Sanction.* Approval; endorsement.

6. *Of Ruth and of Boaz.* See Ruth iv, 10-12.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of
betrothal,¹
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's
presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Hol-
land.²
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded
that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine bene-
dictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on
the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange
apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his
shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the
betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwel-
comed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an ex-
pression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden
beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud

1. *Betrothal.* The marriage ceremony.

2. *Custom of Holland.* In Holland the marriage ceremony was performed by a civil officer, because many questions of inheritance and the transfer of property depended upon it.

Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.

Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,

As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
"Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla, Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,¹

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,

1. *Gentry in England.* Those people ranking between the nobility and the yeomanry. They were well-to-do people of good breeding and education.

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent¹ at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,

Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,

Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,

Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.

Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,

Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;²

1. *Kent*. A county in southeastern England.

2. *Privation*. Want; hardship.

There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of
the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the
meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of
Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the
sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir
of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of
longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was
left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of
wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of
Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its
master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a
saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat
of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a
peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of
her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but
the distaff;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful
Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new
habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford
in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love,
through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.¹
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his
splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above
them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine
and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eshcol.²
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,³
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,⁴
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal
procession.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1. *The azure abysses* (ăzh'ūr ā-bīs'ěz). The blue, immeasurable spaces of the heavens.

2. *Valley of Eshcol* (ěsh'kōl). That part of the Promised Land from which the spies brought back the grapes of marvelous size. See Numbers xiii, 23, 24.

3. *Pastoral ages*. The ages in which men lived by keeping flocks.

4. *Rebecca and Isaac*. See Genesis xxiv.

EXERCISES

I. MILES STANDISH

1. Terms for definition and study: primitive, doublet, martial, weapons, array, corselet, mystical, fowling-piece, sinews, diligent, azure-eyed, burnished, breastplate, skirmish, point-blank, sheer, morasses, slackened, stripling, arsenal, adage, invincible, shillings, diet, brazen howitzer, straightforward, heathen, assault, wistfully, vapory, intermingled, scouts, prominent, translated, musing, consolation, ponderous, thumb-marks.

2. Who were the Pilgrims?

3. Locate Plymouth, and give an account of its settlement.

4. Describe the home of Miles Standish.

5. Describe the appearance of Miles Standish; of John Alden.

6. What is told of Miles Standish's former life?

7. What were Miles Standish's ideas as to methods of dealing with the Indians?

8. What traits of character are shown by his choice of books?

9. Explain, "where thumb-marks thick on the margin, like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest."

II. LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

1. Terms for definition and study: occasional, achievements, straightway, comely, dictate, memoirs, Iberian, orator, rear-guard, immortal, ensigns, epistles, treacherous, betray, pertains, embarrassed, Scriptures, courageous, abandoned, cherished, valiant, damsel, blunt, maker of phrases, elegant language, wooings, adapted, taciturn, bewildered, dismay, mangle, maxim, discreetly, summon, proposal, graces of speech, sacred, prevailed.

2. Explain, "'Better be first,' he said, 'in a little Iberian village, than be second in Rome.'"

3. What characteristic did Cæsar and Miles Standish have in common?

4. What is hinted by "Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla"?

5. What was the relation existing between Miles Standish and John Alden?

6. If Miles Standish really believed his favorite maxim, why did he send Alden to do his wooing?

7. What effect had his request on John Alden?

8. What reasons did Alden give against undertaking the "errand"?

9. How did Standish finally prevail on him to undertake it?

III. THE LOVER'S ERRAND

1. Terms for definition and study: tranquil, populous, verdure, aërial, commotion, generous, heaving, merciless, relinquish, lamentation, illusion, phantom, delusions of Satan, impious idols, brawled, sombre, anthem, consoling, ravenous, treadle, rough-hewn, angular, solitude, apparel of homespun, relentless, tenantless, pallid, endureth, encumbered, grateful, abashed, linnet, gossip, wretched, quailed, proffer, dexterous, embellish, blurted, dilated, grating, choosing, selecting, expanding, pedigree, basely, gules, headstrong, placable, courtly, tremulous.

2. What made Alden look upon his love for Priscilla as a sin?
3. Describe John Alden's reception at the home of Priscilla.
4. What had caused Priscilla to think of her old English home?
5. How did Alden introduce the subject of his errand?
6. What was the effect of the message on Priscilla?
7. How did she answer the Captain's proposal?
8. What arguments did John Alden make in the Captain's favor?
9. What was the final result of Alden's pleading?

IV. JOHN ALDEN

1. Terms for definition and study: turrets, glimmered, exultation, grottoes, allay, awakened conscience, remorseful, passionate, importunate, self-condemnation, riding at anchor, beckoning, congenial, redoubtable, campaign, sacked, demolished, sinister omen, pent-up, henceforward, strode, urgent, parley, choleric, council, deportment, chronicles, aspect, brass-studded, challenge, defiance, befitting, contriving.

2. What was the first effect of Priscilla's answer upon John Alden?

3. Why did he not go immediately to Miles Standish with the answer?

4. Why did Alden decide to return to England on the Mayflower?

5. What effect did Priscilla's answer have on Miles Standish?

6. Was his anger at Alden just?

7. What was the state of affairs when Standish reached the council?

8. Explain, "the hill that was nearest to heaven, covered with snow."

9. What was the Indian's challenge to war? How did Miles Standish answer it?

V. THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

1. Terms for definition and study: imperative, suppressed, valorous, quell, serried, manifold, menaced, canvas, fervent entreaty, desert, bivouac, ready for action, buckle, yearned, imploring,

overmastered, corner-stone of a nation, capacious, gunwale, reproachful, recoiled, mysterious instincts, ether, daunt, wholesome, alert, dignified, hoisting, endeared, wrapt, sun-illuminated.

2. Describe the departure of Miles Standish and his "army."
3. Why did the Pilgrims feel deeply the departure of the Mayflower?
4. What evidences of this feeling are given in the story?
5. What was John Alden's intention when he went to the seashore at the departure of the Mayflower?
6. What caused him to change his mind?
7. Explain, "a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel."
8. Describe the sailing of the Mayflower.

VI. PRISCILLA

1. Terms for definition and study: loadstone, subtle, impulsive, decorum, transforming, defects, virtues, frankly, subterranean, caverns, noble, level, implies, complimentary, insipid, divine, divined, indefinite, faltering, pilgrim devout, zeal, pangs, receding, fervor.
2. How did Priscilla explain her boldness of the day before to John Alden?
3. What do you learn of Priscilla's character from her conversation with John Alden?
4. What relation did they agree should continue to exist between them?
5. Explain, "He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment."

VII. THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

1. Terms for definition and study: trend, sulphurous, flouted, folly, constellations, encampment, stature, suspended, wampum, barter, chaffer, peltries, interpreter, plague, bluster, vauntingly, unsheathed, ambush, undaunted, taunt, fiendlike, war-whoop, beset, clutching, greensward, tidings, trophy.
2. What were the thoughts of Miles Standish as he went on his march against the Indians?
3. Describe the parley with the Indians.
4. Describe the appearance of Pecksuot; of Watawamat.
5. Why did the Indians have little respect for Miles Standish?
6. Describe the fight with the Indians.
7. What effect did the trophy of Standish's victory have on the Pilgrims? What effect did it have on Priscilla?

VIII. THE SPINNING-WHEEL

1. Terms for definition and study: merestead, glebe, apprehension, scouring, alien, encounters, habitation, substantial, latticed, annoyance, ruminant, romantic, semblance, spindle, thrifty, snarl, adjusted, chiding, electrical, beguiled, statue-like, rivulets, twain, swerving, barriers.

2. What were the occupations of the Pilgrims?

3. What kept the Pilgrims safe from the Indians?

4. Describe the new home that Alden was building.

5. To whom did John Alden liken Priscilla?

6. What were the feelings of John Alden when he heard of the death of Miles Standish?

IX. THE WEDDING-DAY

1. Terms for definition and study: resplendent, Magistrate, the Law and the Gospel, betrothal, laudable, bodiless, atoning, gentry, commingled, barren waste, peasant, palfrey, odorous, pastoral.

2. Show how the sun on the morning of the wedding-day was like the great High-Priest.

3. Why was the wedding attended by the Magistrate and the Elder?

4. Explain, "after the Puritan way and the laudable custom of Holland."

5. What were the feelings of John Alden and Priscilla upon the reappearance of Miles Standish?

6. Explain, "Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent, as if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention."

7. What did Miles Standish mean when he said, "No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas"?

8. Why were the people so much rejoiced at the return of Miles Standish?

9. Describe the bridal procession.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) was born at Boston, Massachusetts. His father, a clergyman, died when Emerson was eight years old. Emerson entered Harvard College when he was fourteen years old. He secured the appointment of President's Freshman. This enabled him to pay for his lodging by carrying

messages, and he helped to pay for his board by waiting on the tables at the College Commons.

After leaving college Emerson became assistant pastor of the Hanover Street Church in Boston, and a little later he became the regular minister of that church. Later he severed his connection with this church, and although he continued to preach, he never held another charge.

Emerson's writings for the most part consist of essays, though he wrote two longer volumes, "Representative Men" and "English Traits." He also published a volume of poems.

Emerson's grandfather was minister of the church at Concord, Massachusetts, when the Revolutionary War opened, and urged his parishioners on to the fight at Concord Bridge in April, 1775. In 1836 a monument, the statue of a minuteman, was erected near the site of the old bridge in commemoration of the battle. The "Concord Hymn" was sung on the occasion of the dedication of that monument.

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;¹
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

1. *Votive stone.* A monument in commemoration of some great event.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: rude, arched, unfurled, embattled, seaward, votive, spirit, shaft.
2. Tell the story of the battle of Concord.
3. Explain, "the embattled farmers."
4. In what sense was "the shot heard round the world"?
5. Explain, "The foe long since in silence slept; alike the conqueror silent sleeps."
6. What is the meaning of "memory may their deed redeem"?
7. What was the "spirit" that made the "heroes dare to die" at Concord?

THE CALL OF KANSAS

ESTHER M. CLARK was born near Urbana, Neosho county, Kansas. During most of her life she has lived in Chanute. Miss Clark was graduated from the Chanute High School. In 1903-'04 she attended the University of Kansas and was a member of the first class in Journalism in that institution. Since 1909 she has been connected with the Extension Department of the University of Kansas.

For a number of years Miss Clark has written poems for newspapers and magazines throughout the country. In 1906 she published a volume of poems entitled "Verses by a Commonplace Person." Besides "The Call of Kansas," Miss Clark's best-known poems are "Good Night" and "The Man at the Front—And the Woman Behind the Man."

"The Call of Kansas" was written while Miss Clark was visiting at Long Beach, California. It was published anonymously and at once became popular. It is a beautiful expression of the longing of a native Kansan for the scenes of her native state.

THE CALL OF KANSAS

SURFEITED¹ here with beauty, and the sensuous-sweet²
perfume,
Borne in from a thousand gardens and orchards of orange
bloom;
Awed by the silent mountains, stunned by the breakers'
roar,
The restless ocean pounding and tugging away at the
shore—
I lie on the warm sand beach and hear, above the cry of
the sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me!

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of
summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the wind-
swept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy wild rose, by the roadside's dusty
way,
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields ablaze in the sun of
May.
Gay as the bold poinsettia³ is, and the burden of pepper
trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer to me
than these.
And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me!

1. *Surfeited*. Oversupplied; indulged in to excess.

2. *Sensuous-sweet*. Especially pleasing to the senses because of sweetness.

3. *Poinsettia* (poin-sět'ĭ-ă). An ornamental plant which has a deep green foliage and a bract, or whorl, of bright red leaves at the top surrounding a small flower.

Kansas, beloved Mother, to-day in an alien land,
Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in
the sand.
The name that, flung from a scornful lip, will make the
hot blood start;
The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of
my loyal heart.
Oh, higher, clearer and stronger yet, than the boom of the
savage sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me!

—ESTHER M. CLARK.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: surfeited, sensuous-sweet, breakers, tugging, salt sea spray, wind-swept, poinsettia, tawny, insistent, alien, scornful lip, graven.
2. Describe the country pictured in the beginning of the poem.
3. In what ways does the Kansas landscape surpass the country in which the poem was written?
4. Why was the "sight of a shy wild rose" dearer to the author than showy flowers?
5. Explain, "the burden of pepper trees."
6. Why is the sea called "insistent"?
7. Explain, "make the hot blood start."
8. What does the author mean by the "voice of the prairie"? In what sense did it call to her?

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was born in New York City, in the same year in which the treaty of peace that ended the Revolution was signed in Paris. He was named after General Washington, and the last work that he wrote was a "Life of Washington."

As a boy Irving was fun-loving and fond of companions and outdoor life. He was not an exceptionally good student, but he enjoyed reading, particularly such stories as "Robinson Crusoe"

and "The Arabian Nights." He liked to make trips into the country, and he made short voyages up the Hudson on fishing and hunting expeditions, exploring the regions of the Catskill Mountains. New York and its vicinity at that time retained many traces and traditions of its Dutch origin. These interested Irving, and he made use of them in his early newspaper contributions and in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and such stories as "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," found in "The Sketch Book."

Irving spent, in all, more than twenty years of his life in Europe. "The Sketch Book" was written in London. "The Life of Columbus," "The Alhambra," and "The Conquest of Granada" were written while he was in Spain.

Irving was the first American author who saw in the traditions, stories and spirit of his own country fit subjects for his best stories. This fact and the excellence of his work won for him popularity at home and abroad. He gave us the beginnings of a literature distinctly American, and rightly earned the title, "Father of American Letters."

In "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" Irving relates the experience of a Connecticut school teacher in a community of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers in New York. The rich humor with which Irving pictures the life of the easy-going, superstitious inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow, and the vividness with which he relates the midnight adventure of the school teacher, have made this story one of the most popular of American classics.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.¹)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

—*Castle of Indolence.*

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves² which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad

1. *Diedrich Knickerbocker.* The purported author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

2. *Coves.* Sheltered inlets or bays.

expansion of the river denominated¹ by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee,² and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas³ when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town.⁴ This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity⁵ of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert⁶ to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated⁷ by

1. *Denominated*. Named.

2. *Tappan Zee* (tâp'ân zā'). An expansion of the Hudson River twelve miles in length, about twenty miles above New York City.

3. *St. Nicholas*. The patron saint of sailors, travelers, and children. He is identical with the Dutch Santa Claus.

4. *Tarry Town*. "Sunnyside," the famous home of Irving, is near here.

5. *Inveterate propensity*. Habitual tendency.

6. *Advert*. Refer.

7. *Reverberated*. Resounded; sent back.

the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered¹ glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade² the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German³ doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows⁴ there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.⁵ Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the

1. *Sequestered*. Secluded; quiet.

2. *Pervade*. Spread throughout.

3. *High German*. There are two main divisions of the German language, High German and Low German.

4. *Powwows*. Indian ceremonies attended with great noise and confusion, feasting and dancing; performed for the cure of diseases, or to bring success in hunting or war.

5. *Hendrick Hudson*. An English navigator, who, sailing in the employ of the Dutch, discovered the Hudson River and Hudson Bay.

country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold,¹ seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition² of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper,³ whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating⁴ the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

1. *Nightmare, with her whole nine fold.* See Shakespeare's "King Lear," act III, scene 4, line 126. Nightmare is a fiend formerly supposed to oppress people in their sleep. She is said to have been accompanied by nine imps.

2. *Apparition.* A ghost, or phantom.

3. *Hessian trooper.* One of the soldiers from Hessé Cassel in Germany, hired by the English king to fight against the American Colonies in the Revolution.

4. *Collating* (kō-lāt'ing). Comparing critically; finding points of agreement and disagreement.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity¹ I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed² by everyone who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud;³ for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating⁴ in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight⁵ of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which

1. *Visionary propensity.* The tendency to see and believe in ghosts and visions.

2. *Imbibed.* Acquired.

3. *Laud* (lôd). Praise.

4. *Vegetating.* Living in a monotonous way.

5. *Wight.* Person.

supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions¹ of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen² of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock³ perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius⁴ of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously⁵ secured at vacant hours by a withe⁶ twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out,—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot.⁷ The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with

1. *Legions*. Great numbers.

2. *Cognomen*. Name.

3. *Weathercock*. A vane, originally in the shape of a cock, used to show the direction of the wind.

4. *Genius* (jē'nī-ŭs). Spirit.

5. *Ingeniously* (In-jēn'yŭs-lī). Cleverly.

6. *Withe* (with). A band made of twisted twigs.

7. *Eel-pot*. A trap for catching eels.

a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree¹ growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning² over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace³ or command; or, peradventure,⁴ by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates⁵ of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed,⁶ broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory⁷ to the smarting urchin, that

1. *Formidable birch tree.* The birch tree was "formidable," or excited fear in the children, because it supplied the switches used by the schoolmaster.

2. *Conning.* Studying.

3. *Menace.* Threat.

4. *Peradventure.* Perhaps.

5. *Potentates.* Rulers.

6. *Wrong-headed.* Stubborn.

7. *Consolatory* (kõn-sõl'ä-tõ-rĭ). Comforting.

"he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy¹ some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda;² but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous³ on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the cost of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and

1. *Convoy*. Attend; accompany.

2. *Dilating powers of an anaconda*. The anaconda, a large snake of South America, is capable of expanding its girth so that it can swallow small deer.

3. *Onerous* (ŏn'ēr-ūs). Burdensome.

became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating.¹ He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom² so magnanimously the lamb did hold,³ he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody.⁴ It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm⁵ from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

1. *Ingratiating* (in-grā'shī-āt'ing). Pleasing or agreeable with the view of obtaining favor.

2. *Whilom* (hwī'lŭm). Formerly; once.

3. *The lamb did hold*. This passage refers to a picture in the old New England primer, in which the letter L is represented by a lion, one of whose paws rests on a reclining lamb. The illustration is accompanied by the couplet, "The lion bold the lamb did hold."

4. *Psalmody* (sām'ō-dī). The art of singing psalms or sacred songs.

5. *Carried away the palm*. The palm is a token of victory. Ichabod felt that in the eyes of the congregation he was more important than the parson.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains,¹ and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary² dish of cakes or sweetmeats,³ or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters,⁴ therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.⁵

From his half-itinerant life,⁶ also, he was a kind of travelling gazette,⁷ carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition,⁸ for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England

1. *Swains*. Young men.

2. *Supernumerary*. Exceeding the usual number.

3. *Sweetmeats*. Fruits preserved in sugar.

4. *Man of letters*. Man of books; literary man.

5. *Address*. Manner of speaking.

6. *Half-itinerant life*. Life partly spent in wandering.

7. *Gazette*. Newspaper.

8. *Erudition*. Learning.

Witchcraft,¹ in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity.² His appetite for the marvellous and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination,—the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger³ of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet⁴ was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's

1. *Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft.* Cotton Mather was a celebrated Puritan preacher and writer, who was instrumental in the persecution of the witches at the time of the Salem witchcraft. His most famous writings were, "The Ecclesiastical History of New England," and "The Wonders of the Invisible World."

2. *Credulity.* Readiness to believe on slight evidence.

3. *Harbinger* (här'bîn-jěr). Forerunner.

4. *Varlet.* A low fellow; a knave.

token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous¹ sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered

1. *Portentous* (pŏr-tĕn'tŭs). Foreshadowing ill; ominous.

with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth¹ being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!²

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations,³ yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works,⁴ if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial⁵ Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations.⁶ She was withal⁷ a little of a coquette,

1. *Uncouth*. Unfamiliar; strange.

2. *Scourings*. Hasty trips about the country.

3. *Perambulations*. Ramblings.

4. *The devil and all his works*. The ghosts and witches were supposed to be guided by the devil.

5. *Substantial*. Well-to-do.

6. *Her vast expectations*. Being an only child, she would inherit all the wealth of her father.

7. *Withal*. Moreover.

as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam;¹ the tempting stomacher² of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes,—more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued³ himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail⁴

1. *Saardam* (zär'däm). A town in northern Holland.

2. *Stomacher* (stüm'ük-ēr). An ornamental covering worn over the chest.

3. *Piqued* (pēkt). Prided.

4. *Flail*. An instrument for threshing grain, consisting of a short, stout stick, arranged to swing freely on a wooden handle.

was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering above the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy¹ porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished² wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart,—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous³ promise of luxurious winter fare.⁴ In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth;⁵ the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married

1. *Unwieldy*. Bulky; awkward.

2. *Burnished*. Glossy; shining.

3. *Sumptuous*. Rich; splendid.

4. *Luxurious winter fare*. Rich winter food.

5. *Roasting-pig . . . apple in his mouth*. Roast pig, stuffed with pudding, was served whole with an apple in the mouth.

couples, with a decent competency¹ of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up,² with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.³

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement⁴ of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery,⁵ with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.⁶

1. *Decent competency.* A pleasing abundance.

2. *Trussed up.* Served with wings fastened to the body.

3. *Craving that quarter . . . ask while living.* The cock is pictured as begging mercy, a thing which his fighting spirit would never allow him to do in life.

4. *Tenement.* Dwelling.

5. *Household trumpery.* Household goods of little value.

6. *Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.* At the time "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was published (1819), Kentucky and Tennessee were regarded as being in the far west. Irving uses them as examples of places relatively unknown.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry,¹ and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter,² ranged on a long dresser,³ dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey⁴ just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud⁵ of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons,⁶ with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges⁷ and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, know-

1. *Utensils of husbandry.* Farm implements.

2. *Resplendent pewter.* Shining utensils or vessels made of pewter. Pewter is a combination of tin and lead.

3. *Dresser.* A cupboard for dishes and cooking utensils.

4. *Linsey-woolsey.* A rough cloth of linen and woolen material.

5. *Gaud* (gôd). Ornament.

6. *Andirons.* Utensils for supporting wood in a fireplace.

7. *Mock oranges.* Gourds resembling oranges.

ingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant¹ of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries,² to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant³ to the castle keep,⁴ where the lady of his heart was confined,—all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices,⁵ which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments;⁶ and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade,⁷ of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the

1. *Knight-errant*. Wandering knight.

2. *Adversaries* (ăd'vēr-sā-rīz). Opponents; enemies.

3. *Adamant*. Any very hard substance.

4. *Castle keep*. The innermost and most strongly fortified part of a castle.

5. *Labyrinth of whims and caprices*. A maze of foolish notions.

6. *Impediments*. Hindrances.

7. *Roystering blade*. A noisy, bragging, swaggering fellow.

country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short, curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance.¹ From his Herculean² frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar.³ He was foremost at all races and cockfights, and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall.⁴ Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don

1. *Arrogance*. Proud contempt of others; haughtiness.

2. *Herculean* (hĕr-kū'lē-ăn). Powerful; of the strength of Hercules.

3. *Tartar*. The Tartars, a wandering tribe of central Asia, are noted for their skill in horsemanship.

4. *Stood by for a squall*. Prepared for trouble.

Cossacks;¹ and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment, till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole² hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings³ were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours;⁴ insomuch that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability⁵ and perseverance in his nature: he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack,⁶—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke;

1. *Don Cossacks*. A tribe of warlike people, skilled in horsemanship, inhabiting the region of the Don River in Russia.

2. *Rantipole*. Wild; unruly.

3. *His amorous toyings*. His love-making.

4. *In his amours*. In his love-making.

5. *Pliability*. Flexibility of character or disposition.

6. *Supple-jack*. A woody, climbing shrub with tough, pliant stems.

and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles.¹ Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior,² who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle³ of the barn. In the meantime Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

1. *That stormy lover, Achilles* (ă'kīl'ēz). Achilles was a famous Greek warrior in the Trojan War, who sulked in his tent because a beautiful captive to whom he had become attached was taken from him by Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek forces.

2. *Little wooden warrior*. A weather vane.

3. *Pinnacle*. Highest point.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable¹ point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter; for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable² Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor³ of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry⁴ in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore,—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists⁵ against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse”; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this ob-

1. *Vulnerable*. Capable of being affected.

2. *Redoubtable*. Worthy of respect.

3. *Preceptor*. Teacher.

4. *Chivalry* (shĭv'ăl-rĭ). Sense of honor.

5. *The lists*. The field in which a combat or tournament was held.

stinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish¹ practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried² his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule,³ that sceptre of despotic power;⁴ the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband⁵ articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of

1. *Boorish*. Rough.

2. *Harried*. Made raids upon.

3. *Ferule* (fēr'ōōl). A ruler used for striking children in punishment.

4. *Sceptre of despotic power*. Sign of absolute authority.

5. *Contraband*. Forbidden.

rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth¹ jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury,² and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer³ Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity,⁴ and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping

1. *Tow-cloth*. A coarse, hand-woven cloth.

2. *Mercury*. The messenger of the gods.

3. *Mynheer* (mĭn-hēr'). The Dutch term equivalent to "Mister."

4. *With impunity*. With safety; without danger of punishment.

and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing¹ up his best, and, indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier,² he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated,³ a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed.

The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck⁴ and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused,⁵ very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked,

1. *Furbishing*. Cleaning; causing to look fresh.

2. *Cavalier*. A knight; a court gallant.

3. *Domiciliated* (dòm'ī-sīl'ī-āt-ěd). Housed.

4. *Ewe neck* (ū). A thin, insufficiently arched neck, like that of a sheep.

5. *Infused*. Put into.

there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shamled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious¹ from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous² note; and the twit-

1. *Capricious* (kā-prīsh'ūs). Playful.

2. *Querulous* (kwēr'ōō-lūs). Complaining; whining.

tering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget,¹ and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro² cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb,³ in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary⁴ abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle⁵ by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest

1. *Gorget* (gôr'jět). A patch on the throat, distinguished by color or texture.

2. *Monteiro* (môn-tā'rō). A Spanish hunting cap.

3. *Coxcomb*. A vain, showy fellow; a fop.

4. *Culinary* (kū'lī-nā-rī). Of or pertaining to the kitchen, or to cookery.

5. *Treacle* (trē'k'l). Molasses.

scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom¹ lasses, almost as antiquated² as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine riband,³ or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations;⁴ the sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued⁵ in the fashion of the times, especially

1. *Buxom*. Plump and rosy; jolly.

2. *Antiquated*. Old-fashioned.

3. *Riband*. Ribbon.

4. *Innovations*. Changes in fashion.

5. *Queued* (kūd). Braided into pigtails.

if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck; for he held a tractable,¹ well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion,—not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender "oly-koek,"² and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to

1. *Tractable*. Easily controlled.

2. *Oly-koek* (öl'ī-kōōk). A kind of cruller, very rich and tender.

get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then he thought how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly¹ patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him

1. *Niggardly*. Stingy.

was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance,¹ was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings;² while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawling out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle³ and great men. The British and American line⁴ had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-

1. *St. Vitus . . . patron of the dance.* St. Vitus was a child martyr of Sicily. The disease, St. Vitus' dance, was given his name from a belief in his power to cure it. In jest, Irving refers to him as the patron of the dance.

2. *Oglings.* Glances.

3. *Chronicle.* Simple record of events.

4. *British and American line.* The division line between the territories held by the British and American forces during the Revolutionary War.

boys,¹ and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder² from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains,³ being an excellent master of defence, parried⁴ a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their

1. *Scene of marauding . . . cowboys.* During the Revolutionary War, Tory marauders, termed "refugees" or "cowboys," infested the neutral ground between the American and British forces in New York, and ravaged the American homes.

2. *Nine-pounder.* A cannon throwing a nine-pound ball.

3. *White Plains.* One of the battles near New York in which Washington's army was defeated by General Howe.

4. *Parried.* Turned aside.

first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André¹ was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent,² whitewashed walls

1. *Major André*. An officer of the British army, who was associated with the American general, Benedict Arnold, in his plan to betray West Point into the hands of the British. André was captured by the Americans and hanged as a spy.

2. *Decent*. Fitting; appropriate.

shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical¹ disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake,² over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant³ jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and

1. *Heretical* (hê-rêt'i-kāl). Radical; opposed to the general belief.

2. *Brake*. Thicket.

3. *Arrant*. Notoriously bad.

should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions¹ behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away,—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête² with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen.³ O these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her en-

1. *Pillions* (pīl'yūnz). Cushioned seats attached to the backs of saddles.

2. *Tête-à-tête* (tāt'à-tāt'). A confidential talk.

3. *Chopfallen*. Cast down; dejected.

couragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking¹ a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching-time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang² of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard

1. *Sacking*. Robbing.

2. *Guttural twang*. A vibrating sound produced in the throat.

in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree,¹ which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred² namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed³ by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan; his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle—it was but the rubbing of one huge

1. *Tulip tree.* A tall timber-tree which is commonly, but incorrectly, known in the western states as the white poplar, poplar, or yellow poplar.

2. *Ill-starred.* Ill-fated; unlucky.

3. *Scathed* (skāthd). Blasted; severely damaged.

bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen¹ concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement,² and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward snuffling and

1. *Yeomen* (yō'mě'n). Common freemen. The word usually refers to farmers who cultivate their own farms.

2. *Lateral movement*. A movement to the side.

snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy¹ tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated² voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible³ Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor⁴ into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained.⁵ He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation⁶ or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging

1. *Plashy*. Having the sound of dashing water; splashy.

2. *Agitated* (ăj'ĭ-tăt-ĕd). Excited; disturbed.

3. *Inflexible*. Immovable; stubborn.

4. *Involuntary fervor*. Uncontrollable zeal or earnestness.

5. *Ascertained* (ăs'er-tănd'). Found out; determined.

6. *No offer of molestation*. No attempt to bother.

along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.¹ There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious² companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief³ against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip, but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin, stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to

1. *Stave*. Stanza.

2. *Pertinacious* (pěr-tĩ-nā'shŭs). Persistent; constant in purpose.

3. *In relief*. In sharp outline.

Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and—unskilful rider that he was!—he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge,"¹ thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the

1. "*If I can but reach that bridge.*" There was an old belief that witches and ghosts could not cross the middle of a stream.

black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile,¹ but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner-hour came; but no Ichabod! The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as

1. *Missile*. A weapon thrown, or intended to be thrown.

executor¹ of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks² for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small-clothes,³ a rusty razor, a book of psalm-tunes full of dog's-ears, and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community; excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed—and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before—he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the

1. *Executor* (ĕg-zĕk'ū-tĕr). A person appointed to carry out the provisions of a will.

2. *Stocks*. Broad, stiffened bands of cambric, silk, or leather, worn around the neck, and often fastened with a buckle at the back.

3. *Small-clothes*. Close-fitting knee-breeches.

Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered,¹ written for the newspapers, and finally, had been made a Justice of the Ten-pound Court.² Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the Blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means;³ and it is a favorite story, often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the

1. *Electioneered*. Worked in the interest of a person or party at an election.

2. *Ten-pound Court*. A court having power to try cases involving property of not more than ten pounds (about fifty dollars).

3. *By supernatural means*. By ghosts or goblins.

reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: shortened sail, precise, authentic, tranquillity, stripling, distractions, spell, reverie, gambols, dominant, adjacent, spectre, allege, belated, legendary, witching, imaginative, migration, sojourned, frontier, profile, formidable, authoritative, discrimination, flourish, behooved, maintenance, quavers, legitimately, accomplishments, sauntering, bevy, bumpkins, esteemed, potently, capacious, quartered, boding, anecdotes, witchcraft, subsequent, uncouth, scourings, perambulations, substantial, coquette, morsel, paternal mansion, unwieldy, burnished, sumptuous, competency, savory, chivalrous, tenement, piazza, husbandry, resplendent, covert, peerless, labyrinth, hardihood, gainsay, waggish, boon, feud, squad, madcap, pliability, thwarted, gently insinuating, apprehend, indulgent, plied, concise, alternative, domains, pensive, sundry, whirligigs, rampant, embassies, emancipation, romantic, mettle, undulation, amber, doughty, delectable, itinerant orchestra, marauding, small sword, termination, prevalence, infecting, doling, heretical, arrant jockey, casual, chopfallen, gloated, glen, cavernous, starveling, affrighted, aloof, bethought, clove, asunder, convulsive, intelligence, supernatural, loitering.

2. Locate and describe Sleepy Hollow.
3. Explain, "prudently shortened sail."
4. How does the author explain the naming of Tarry Town?
5. What kind of people lived in the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow?
6. What stories were told in regard to the Galloping Hessian?
7. Describe the personal appearance of Ichabod Crane.
8. Besides teaching school, what service did Ichabod render to the community?
9. How was Ichabod regarded by the women of the community? By the young men?
10. What made Ichabod a favorite with the women?
11. In what kind of stories did the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow delight?

12. What kind of girl was Katrina Van Tassel?
13. Describe the estate of Baltus Van Tassel.
14. How did Ichabod look upon the possessions of Baltus Van Tassel?
15. Describe the interior of the Van Tassel mansion.
16. What difficulties did Ichabod encounter in wooing Katrina?
17. In what kind of life did Brom Bones delight?
18. How did Brom Bones hold Ichabod up to the derision of the community?
19. Explain the confusion at the school, resulting from the visit of the negro messenger.
20. Describe Ichabod and his steed as they journeyed to the party.
21. Describe the guests at the quilting frolic.
22. What effect did the feast have upon Ichabod's imagination?
23. What effect did the stories told at the party have upon Ichabod?
24. Explain Ichabod's dejection when he left Katrina.
25. Explain, "very witching-time of night."
26. How did Ichabod strive to keep down his terror, when he saw the spectre at the edge of the brook?
27. Describe the spectre.
28. Tell the story of the race between Ichabod and the spectre.
29. Why did Ichabod try desperately to cross the bridge?
30. How did the people account for the disappearance of Ichabod?

THE BOY

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS (1806-1867) was born at Portland, Maine. He received his school training at Andover Academy and Yale College. His father was the founder of *The Youth's Companion*. Willis began his literary career in Boston. Later he removed to New York, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was a man of charming personality and was a general favorite in the literary and the social circles of his day.

In the following poem Willis has given us a picture of the boy at the time when he is beginning to feel, but not to realize, the meanings and possibilities of life.

THE BOY

THERE'S something about a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,¹
And unrepress'd by sadness,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet, it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most;
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echo'd in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there;
'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful but thoughtful face—
And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meanings trace,

1. *Guile*. Trickery; deceit.

Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fetter'd¹ now;
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,²
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence,³ sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor⁴ straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all!
And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: free-hearted, guile, un-repressed, thrills, trill, carol, cast, innocent, presence, excess, mysterious thrall.

2. What kind of boy does the poet have in mind?

3. How does such a boy affect the poet?

4. Describe the play of the boy as the poet sees it.

5. Explain, "Stands gazing on the empty air."

6. What are the "sweet familiar meanings" that the poet traces in the "thoughtful face"?

1. *Fetter'd.* Bound; confined.

2. *Cast.* Expression.

3. *A presence.* A phantom; an apparition.

4. *Ardor.* Eagerness; zeal.

7. What are "those golden wings which time has fetter'd now"?
 8. Explain, "life itself is in excess."
 9. What is the effect of the strange feeling which suddenly stops the boy's play?
-

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900), an English art critic, social reformer, and essayist, was born in London. He was educated by his mother and by private tutors. He passed a somewhat lonely childhood, but later traveled much with his father and mother. He entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1836, but was forced to leave in 1840 on account of ill health.

Ruskin's literary work began in his childhood. Most of his early writings dealt with the criticism of art. In 1860 he turned to a consideration of questions of wealth and labor. He was deeply concerned in the welfare of laboring people, and spent nearly all his fortune in endeavoring to better their condition.

"The King of the Golden River" was written in 1841 for Euphemia Gray, whom Ruskin afterward married. It is a pleasing story, telling how, through the self-denial of little Gluck, "the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love."

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

I

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria¹ there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility.² It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents³

1. *Styria* (stīr'ī-à). A grand duchy belonging to the Austria-Hungarian Empire, lying between Austria and Hungary, and crossed by the Alps Mountains. It is a rich farming country, producing an abundance of fruit. The dairying and mining industries are also important.

2. *Luxuriant fertility*. Richness of soil producing abundant crops.

3. *Torrents*. Streams of water flowing with great swiftness.

descended in constant cataracts.¹ One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drouth and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs,² lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas,³ which

1. *Cataracts*. Waterfalls.

2. *Hedgehogs*. Small animals whose backs are covered with sharp, strong bristles about an inch long.

3. *Cicadas* (sĭ-kā'dáz). Locusts.

used to sing all summer in the lime-trees.¹ They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn² by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes;³ and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit,⁴ when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesale quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

1. *Lime-trees.* Linden or basswood trees.

2. *Corn.* Grain.

3. *Tithes.* Taxes for the support of the church.

4. *Turnspit.* One who turns the spit, a bar on which meat is roasted before a fire.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation;¹ the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions² on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up,—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

1. *Inundation.* Flood.

2. *Maledictions.* Curses.

No; it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding,¹ the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory² fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto³ on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so do-

1. *Astounding*. Surprising; astonishing.

2. *Refractory*. Stubborn; difficult to manage.

3. *Concerto*. A piece of music composed for two or more solo instruments.

ing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat¹ pockets and out again like a mill stream.²

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly,³ "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory⁴ smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and

1. *Waistcoat.* Vest.

2. *Mill stream.* A stream of water used to drive the machinery of a mill.

3. *Petulantly.* Fretfully; peevishly.

4. *Savory.* Pleasant to taste or smell.

opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they would be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob,¹ with the top of his cap accommodated² up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams³ over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

1. *Hob.* A shelf at the side of the fireplace on which victuals were placed to be kept warm.

2. *Accommodated.* Adjusted; fitted.

3. *Quicksilver-like streams.* Streams which spread and scatter as quicksilver, or mercury, does.

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string¹ meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"²

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude,³ and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said

1. *String*. The string attached to the spit.

2. *Knuckle*. The region around the ankle joint of the leg of mutton.

3. *Exactitude*. Exactness; neatness.

Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?"¹ said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly,² "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed³ his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

1. *Vagabond*. A worthless fellow; a rascal.

2. *Deprecatingly*. With hope of avoiding a threatened evil.

3. *Interposed*. Placed between.

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you!"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went, after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a

very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner,—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—Bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode¹ you," said their visitor, ironically.² "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition,³ but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

1. *Incommode*. To cause trouble or inconvenience to.

2. *Ironically*. Sarcastically; saying one thing and meaning another.

3. *Admonition*. Advice; caution.

II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous¹ visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance² of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse³ skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony⁴ in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a good deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything,

1. *Momentous*. Very important.

2. *Inheritance*. Landed estate.

3. *Adverse*. Contrary; not favorable.

4. *Patrimony*. Property inherited from an ancestor, particularly from the father.

used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite¹ workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred² that once, after emptying it full of Rhenish³ seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious⁴ than ever. "And

1. *Exquisite* (ěks'quĩ-zít). Delicate; nice; exact.

2. *Averred*. Said; declared.

3. *Rhenish* (rěň'ish). A kind of wine made along the Rhine River.

4. *Malicious*. Wicked; spiteful.

no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately¹ to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad, purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately² in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He

1. *Disconsolately*. Sadly; sorrowfully.

2. *Alternately* (ăl-tûr'nât-lî). In turn; one after the other.

looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent¹ melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing. He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.²

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible,³ drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

1. *Effervescent* (ěf'ěr-věs'ěnt). Bubbling; hissing.

2. *Pronounciative* (prō-nūn'shī-â-tīv). Distinct; well pronounced.

3. *Crucible* (krōō'sī-b'l). A pot in which ores and metals are melted.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo,¹ and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right," said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture² that the prismatic³ colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means

1. *Akimbo*. In a sharp bend. The arms are akimbo when the hands are on the hips and the elbows are bent outward.

2. *So fine in its texture*. Woven so delicately.

3. *Prismatic*. Of or pertaining to the colors of the rainbow.

finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately¹ for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.²

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.³

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height.

1. *Deliberately.* Thoughtfully; carefully.

2. *Dictum.* A positive utterance.

3. *Question of peculiar delicacy.* A question of a personal nature, requiring careful consideration.

"I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation¹ which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue,² and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light,—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

1. *Consternation.* Surprise combined with fright.

2. *Issue.* Come forth.

III

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit,¹ before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration² of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story³ obtained him some degree of credence;⁴ the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants,⁵ sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River.

1. *Exit.* Departure.

2. *Expiration.* End.

3. *Adhered to his story.* Stuck to his story.

4. *Credence* (krē'děns). Belief.

5. *Combatants* (kõm'băt-änts). Persons engaged in a combat or fight.

How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers¹ in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff² in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the

1. *Vespers*. An evening service of the Catholic Church.

2. *Alpine staff* (ăl'pin). A long, stout stick used in climbing mountains. It takes its name from the Alps Mountains where it is much used.

angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated¹ rock, jagged and shivered into myriads² of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms³ like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse,⁴ he set off at an imprudent⁵ rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting pas-

1. *Castellated* (käs'tě-lāt'ěd). Arranged like the turrets of a castle.

2. *Myriads*. Great numbers.

3. *Chasms*. Wide, deep gaps in the earth's surface.

4. *Traverse*. Pass over or through.

5. *Imprudent*. Unwise.

sages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines,—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted¹ and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid² lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance³ on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited⁴ his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It

1. *Distorted*. Twisted into an unnatural or irregular form.

2. *Lurid* (lū'rid). A ghastly yellow.

3. *Incumbrance*. Hindrance.

4. *Recruited*. Supplied with fresh strength.

was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned¹ the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun; and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain

1. *Spurned.* Pushed aside.

sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunken, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly,—“Water! I am dying.”

“I have none,” replied Hans; “thou hast had thy share of life.” He strode over the prostrate¹ body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over—

THE BLACK STONE.

1. *Prostrate*. Lying at full length with head on the ground.

IV

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had learned that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky, and the hills looked

lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought that the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and he heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few rods farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not

why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith,¹ and out of it came bursts of spiry² lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over—

THE TWO BLACK STONES.

V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and he did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

1. *Zenith*. The point in the heavens directly overhead.

2. *Spiry*. Having the form of a spire.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink

starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians,¹ more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable² again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath,—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest³ symp-

1. *Gentians* (jĕn'shānz). Tall European plants, prized for their handsome flowers.

2. *Intolerable*. Unbearable.

3. *Manifest*. Plain; clear.

toms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font."¹

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled² with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as

1. *Church font.* A basin in the church for holding holy water.

2. *Defiled.* Made unclean; polluted.

the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils¹ of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under

1. *Tendrils*. Parts of the stems of plants that for the purpose of support attach themselves to other bodies and coil spirally around them.

the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

EXERCISES

I

1. Terms for definition and study: luxuriant, crag, contrived, opposed, seniors, wholesale, black blight, maledictions, extraordinary looking, warranted, pepper-and-salt color, paralyzed, petulantly, accommodated, meditatively, exactitude, an educational box on the ear, velocity, conical, corkscrew, mustaches, hospitality, intermission, bolster, dampish, horror-struck, esquire.

2. Describe the valley of the Golden River.

3. What kind of men were Schwartz and Hans?

4. What kind of life was Gluck forced to lead?

5. What was the attitude of Schwartz and Hans toward the poor?

6. Describe the "extraordinary looking little gentleman" that called on Gluck.

7. What caused Gluck to let his caller in?

8. What in the behavior of the caller puzzled Gluck?

9. Describe the encounter between the little old gentleman and the older brothers.

10. What warning did the little old gentleman give in regard to his next visit?

11. Describe the last visit of SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

II

1. Terms for definition and study: inheritance, ill-gotten, exquisite workmanship, sauntered, metallic voice, effervescent melody, prismatic colors, indicative, self-examination, diminutive, deigning, overwhelm.

2. What change came over the Treasure Valley?

3. Why did Schwartz and Hans decide to become goldsmiths?

4. Describe the drinking-mug that Gluck had received from his uncle.

5. Describe the Golden River as Gluck saw it from his window at sunset.

6. Describe the appearance of the dwarf as he came from the melting-pot.

7. What did the dwarf mean when he said "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy"?

8. What was the "stronger king" that had formed the King of the Golden River into a golden mug?

9. What conditions were imposed upon him for whom the river should turn to gold?

10. What service had Gluck rendered the King of the Golden River?

III

1. Terms for definition and study: immediate consequence, fray, holy water, shouldered, distinguishable, fantastic forms, feeble wreaths, surmounting, mountaineer, excessively slippery, giddy, hardy frame, bodily fatigue, spurned, snake-like shadows, impentable shade.

2. What did Hans and Schwartz do after hearing Gluck's story?

3. How did Hans secure the holy water to pour into the source of the Golden River?

4. Tell of Hans's experience with the glacier.

5. What changes took place when Hans spurned the perishing dog from his path?

6. How did the sight of the dying child affect Hans?

7. How did Hans answer the old man's request for water?

8. Describe the disappearance of Hans.

IV

1. Terms for definition and study: heavy purple haze, lowering, strode, expression of mockery, spiry lightning, heave.

2. How did Schwartz receive the news of the disappearance of Hans?

3. How did Schwartz secure the holy water to pour into the source of the Golden River?

4. Tell the story of Schwartz's attempt to reach the source of the Golden River.

5. What happened when Schwartz cast the flask into the stream?

V

1. Terms for definition and study: two-thirds empty, piteously, hither and thither, beastie, manifest symptoms, rascally.

2. How did Gluck secure the holy water to pour into the source of the Golden River?

3. Tell of Gluck's meetings with the old man and the little child.

4. What effect did his treatment of them have upon the difficulty of his journey?

5. In what way did Gluck find the King of the Golden River?

6. How did the dwarf distinguish between holy and unholy water?

7. From what source did the dwarf supply Gluck with holy water?

8. What change did Gluck find in the Treasure Valley?

9. Explain, "the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love."

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891) was born at Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts. His father was of the finest New England stock and his mother was of Scotch origin. Lowell got his early schooling in Cambridge, entered Harvard in his sixteenth year, and graduated in 1838. Immediately after his graduation he took up the study and practice of law, but spent most of his time writing verse. In 1842 he gave up the study of law and devoted himself entirely to literature. He held the Smith Professorship of Languages at Harvard, succeeding Longfellow, from 1857 to 1877. In 1877 he was appointed Minister to Spain, and in 1880 he was transferred to London. Lowell returned to America in 1885 and spent the remaining years of his life in quiet.

Lowell was not so great a poet of the home as was Longfellow or Whittier, but he had written a few poems of the joys and sorrows of home life that have a deep appeal. "The First Snow-Fall" is one of these. That it was very near and dear to the heart of Lowell may be seen from the following letter to his publisher, Mr. Sydney H. Gay, dated December 22, 1849: "Print that as if you loved it. Let not a comma be blundered. Especially I fear they will put 'gleaming' for 'gloaming' in the first line unless you look to it. May you never have the key which shall unlock the whole meaning of the poem to you."

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine¹ too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara²
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn³
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky

1. *Ermine*. The fur of the ermine, a small animal much like the weasel. In Europe the fur is often used for facings and lining on the robes of high officials.

2. *Carrara* (kär-rä'rä). A famous white marble taken from quarries at Carrara, Italy.

3. *Auburn*. The name of the cemetery in which Lowell's little daughter was buried.

That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: gloaming, hemlock, ermine, Carrara, muffled crow, swan's-down, headstone, All-father, arched.
2. Describe the appearance of the landscape during the snow-storm.
3. Explain, "Chanticleer's muffled crow."
4. What were the poet's thoughts as he watched the snow from his window?
5. Why did the snow-fall recall to Lowell his "first great sorrow"?
6. Explain, "healing and hiding the scar that renewed our woe."
7. Explain, "with eyes that saw not, I kissed her."

HANGING A PICTURE

JEROME K. JEROME (1861—), an English humorist, was born at Walsall, England. He served for a time as a clerk in a railway office. Later he became, in turn, an actor, a schoolmaster and a journalist. He was editor of *The Idler* and *To-day*, and has published

a number of successful plays. His writings best known in America are, "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat."

The following, taken from "Three Men in a Boat," is an entertaining explanation of how "Uncle Podger," with the aid of the entire household, hangs a picture.

HANGING A PICTURE

ON the following evening, we again assembled, to discuss and arrange our plans. Harris said:

"Now, the first thing to settle is what to take with us. Now, you get a bit of paper and write down, Jerome, and you get the grocery catalogue, George, and somebody give me a bit of pencil, and then I'll make out a list."

That's Harris all over—so ready to take the burden of everything himself, and then put it on the backs of other people.

He always reminds me of my poor Uncle Podger. You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:—

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the stepladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better;

and will he lend him his spirit level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture cord; and Tom—where's Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and would cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat, while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word I didn't. Six of you! and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the—"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman,¹ standing round in a semi-circle, ready to help. Two persons would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold

1. *Charwoman*. A chore woman.

him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel¹ for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know whether he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair, beside him, and see whether we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted half of thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it over again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five degrees, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide onto the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the sudden-

1. *Grovel* (grö'v''l). To crawl with the face to the ground.

ness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand; and, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh, you women! you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clear through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger would be precipitated¹ against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched—except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some persons would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

—JEROME K. JEROME.

1. *Precipitated.* Hurled headlong.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: commotion, regards, spirit level, charwoman, semicircle, grovel, critical moment, angle of forty-five degrees, musical effect, precipitated, insecure.
 2. What was Uncle Podger's way of "doing" things?
 3. Explain, "try to do it in his head, and go mad."
 4. What effect had Uncle Podger's blustering on those about him?
 5. What part in hanging the picture did Uncle Podger really do? What credit did he take?
 6. Explain, "everybody dead beat and wretched."
 7. What kind of man was Uncle Podger?
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THE GRAY CHAMPION

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864), the greatest American novelist, was born at Salem, Massachusetts. He attended the public schools of his home town. He was fond of reading, and spent much of his time studying the works of the best English authors. When Hawthorne was seventeen years old he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, where he met such students as Henry W. Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, J. S. C. Abbott, and Horatio Bridge.

After leaving college Hawthorne spent twelve years at Salem in preparation for literary work. During this time he wrote most of the stories that were afterward published in "Twice-Told Tales." In 1842 he married and went to live at Concord, where "Mosses From an Old Manse," another collection of stories, was written. "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne's greatest work, was written while he was again living at Salem. Hawthorne spent seven years, 1853 to 1860, in Europe. He was in failing health when he returned to the United States, and the last four years of his life were spent quietly at his home in Concord, Massachusetts.

Hawthorne was a descendant from one of the early Puritan families that settled Salem, Massachusetts. He was keenly interested in the legends and traditions of early Massachusetts history. He has skillfully used one of these traditions in his story of "The Gray Champion," to picture for us the "hereditary New England spirit," which he invokes as the guardian of New England's honor. The story is found in "Twice-Told Tales."

THE GRAY CHAMPION

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous,¹ had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros² lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence³ of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection⁴ overawed by the first band of mercenary troops⁵ that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love⁶ which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch.⁷ Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had

1. *Charles the Voluptuous* (vô-lÿp'tu-ÿs). Charles II. of England. He was called "the Voluptuous" because of his love of luxury and pleasure.

2. *Sir Edmund Andros*. Sir Edmund Andros was governor of Massachusetts from 1684 to 1689.

3. *Concurrence*. Consent.

4. *Disaffection*. Disloyalty; dissatisfaction.

5. *Mercenary troops*. Troops who serve solely for pay.

6. *Filial love*. The love of a child for a parent.

7. *Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch*. England had just passed through that period in her history in which she had been ruled successively by Parliament, by a protector, and by a king under the domination of the Pope.

been merely nominal,¹ and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange² had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter³ between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her

1. *Merely nominal.* In name only.

2. *Prince of Orange.* William of Orange, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, had married Mary, the daughter of James II., and in 1688 became joint ruler of England with her.

3. *Another encounter.* The Boston Massacre, 1770.

tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct;¹ since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament² were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought, that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All

1. *Extinct.* No longer living or active.

2. *Old soldiers of the Parliament.* Men who had served in the Puritan Rebellion against Charles I.

our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison. We shall see them at a Smithfield fire¹ in King Street."

Hereupon the people of each parish² gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upward and assumed a more apostolic dignity,³ as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.⁴

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!"⁵ cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child."

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious.⁶ His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

1. *A Smithfield fire.* Smithfield was a market in London, where many of the burnings for heresy and witchcraft took place.

2. *Parish.* The district served by a minister.

3. *Apostolic dignity* (ăp'ôs-tôl'ík). An attitude like that of the Apostles.

4. *That worthy in the Primer.* One of the pictures in the New England Primer represents the burning of John Rogers, who suffered martyrdom at Smithfield.

5. *St. Bartholomew.* The massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day began August 24, 1572. In this massacre about thirty thousand French protestants were put to death.

6. *Atrocious.* Terrible; brutal.

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch¹ of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.²

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill,³ louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph,⁴ our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On

1. *Patriarch*. A venerable old man; an elder.

2. *Constituted authorities*. Authorities established by law.

3. *Cornhill*. A street in Boston.

4. *Edward Randolph*. Edward Randolph had been sent from England to Massachusetts by Charles II. to secure evidence that would justify the king in revoking the Massachusetts charter.

the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley¹ came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy² and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages³ and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High-Churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for Thy people!"

1. *Dudley.* Joseph Dudley, son of one of the founders of the colony, who had preceded Andros as governor.

2. *Prelacy.* Church government by the high officers of the Episcopal Church.

3. *Visages.* Countenances.

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty,—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique¹ majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop² and all the old councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them

1. *Antique* (ăn-tēk'). Ancient; of the olden times.

2. *Winthrop*. John Winthrop, one of the early governors of Massachusetts.

against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories,—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

“Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?” whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude¹ of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior’s step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader’s truncheon.²

“Stand!” cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man’s word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient

1. *Decrepitude* (dē-krěp’i-tūd). Feebleness.

2. *Truncheon*. A staff used as a sign of authority.

garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched¹ not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative² but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard³ the same choice that you give all his countrymen, to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary,⁴ who hath lain asleep these thirty years and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name."⁵

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund

1. *Blenched*. Drew back.

2. *Alternative* (ăl-tûr'nă-tîv). Choice.

3. *Dotard* (dô'târd). One whose mind is weakened by age.

4. *Round-headed dignitary*. An official of the Puritan party in England. The Puritans were called "round-heads" because they cut their hair short.

5. *Old Noll's name*. "Old Noll" was a name applied to Oliver Cromwell, the great Puritan leader.

Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed¹ me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended,—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover, but whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back and ordered his soldiers to

1. *Vouchsafed*. Permitted; allowed.

commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor and all that rode so proudly with him were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated,¹ King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King Street and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirm that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect,² the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice,³ which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed,⁴ he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a

1. *Abdicated.* Given up the throne.

2. *Aspect.* Countenance.

3. *Stern Court of Justice.* The court which passed sentence of death on Charles I., in 1649.

4. *When eighty years had passed.* At the time of the Boston Massacre.

slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: bigoted, annulled, charters, administration, tyranny, concurrence, declared void, stifled, restrictions on the press, mercenary, invariably, allegiance, Protector, silent agitation, sluggish despondency, unquiet crisis, muster call, elapsed, stern emergency, happier occasions, severity of mien, extinct, sanctity, ferment, martyrdom, worthy, massacred, discredited, atrocious, predecessor, conjecturing, opposite faction, constituted, venerable person, irresistibly, councillors, arch-enemy, achieved, priestly vestments, prelacy, High-Churchman, crucifix, intervening, edifices, emerged, antique majesty, awful benediction, tremulous, enthusiasm, hoary apparition, composure, scaffold, lurid wrath, venerable grandeur, obelisk, pollute, hereditary spirit.

2. What wrongs had the people of Massachusetts suffered during the administration of Sir Edmund Andros?

3. Why did Governor Andros plan the parade and display of his military power?

4. How did the people receive this show of authority?

5. What people composed the crowd that gathered in King Street?

6. What were some of the things they feared?

7. What advice did old Governor Bradstreet give the people?

8. Describe the appearance of Sir Edmund Andros, his associates and his soldiers.

9. What particular features of the parade tended to arouse the resentment of the people?

10. Describe the appearance of the Gray Champion.

11. Why did the appearance of the old man cause so great amazement among the people?

12. Tell how the Gray Champion checked the march of the soldiers.

13. How did the old man explain his appearance as the champion of the people?

14. Why did Governor Andros order his soldiers to withdraw?

15. What explanations of the disappearance of the Gray Champion are given?

16. What later appearances of the Gray Champion does the author mention?

17. What relation did the Gray Champion bear to the New England people?

18. Why does Hawthorne say, "Long, long may it be, ere he comes again"?

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP

IN 1858 Hawthorne wrote a letter from Arrezzo, Italy, referring to the well opposite Petrarch's birthplace, which Boccaccio mentioned in one of his stories. In this letter Hawthorne said: "As I lingered round it I thought of my own town-pump in old Salem, and wondered whether my towns-people would ever point it out to strangers, and whether the stranger would gaze at it with any degree of such interest as I felt in Boccaccio's well. Oh, certainly not; but I made that humble town-pump the most celebrated structure in the good town. A thousand and a thousand people had pumped there, merely to water oxen or to fill teakettles; but when once I grasped the handle, a rill gushed forth that meandered as far as England, as far as India, besides tasting pleasantly in every town and village of our own country. I like to think of this, so long after I did it, and so far from home, and am not without hopes of some kindly local remembrance on this score." [*Italian Note Books, May 30th, 1858.*]

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP

(Scene, the corner of two principal streets,¹ the Town Pump talking through its nose.)

NOON, by the North clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely

1. *The corner of two principal streets.* Essex and Washington Streets, Salem. [Author's note.]

aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity,¹ upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating² public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality,³ and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall,⁴ at muster-day,⁵ I cry

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1. *In perpetuity*. Without limitation of time.
 2. *Promulgating* (prô-mŭl'gāt-īng). Publishing abroad.
 3. *Municipality* (mŭ-nīs'ī-pāl'ī-tī). City; town.
 4. *Mall* (môl). A public walk.
 5. *Muster-day*. The day for the assembling of troops.

aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice.

Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica,¹ strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns,² and stopped at the running brooks, and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations,³ which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund⁴ sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and

1. *Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica* (kō'nyàk). Cognac is a French brandy produced near Cognac, France. Hollands is a gin made in Holland. Jamaica means Jamaica ginger.

2. *Taverns*. Hotels, or inns, where liquor was sold.

3. *Potations*. Drinks; beverages.

4. *Rubicund*. Red-faced.

is converted quite to steam, in the miniature Tophet,¹ which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump? Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir,—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter;² but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation³ of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

1. *Tophet* (tō'fēt). A furnace in the valley of Hinnom, in which children were sacrificed to the god Moloch.

2. *Decanter*. A glass bottle for holding liquors, from which drinking glasses are filled.

3. *Titillation* (tīt'ī-lā'shŭn). Ticklings.

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.¹ In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott,² and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson³ here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity,—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image

1. *Reminiscences* (rēm'ī-nīs'ēn-sēz). Memories; recollections.

2. *Endicott*. John Endicott, a colonial governor of Massachusetts.

3. *The elder Higginson*. Francis Higginson, an English preacher who was among the first settlers of Massachusetts.

in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid¹ stream, forming a mud puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place,—and then another, and still another,—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed. The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield,² or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with signs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

1. *Turbid*. Not clear; muddy.

2. *Topsfield*. A small town in Essex county, Massachusetts.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious¹ merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women you will find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible² town, you have fled to the Town Pump and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore³ which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates.⁴ Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me,—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class,—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has

1. *Multifarious* (mŭl'tī-fā'rī-ŭs). Of various kinds.

2. *Combustible*. Capable of being burned; apt to catch fire.

3. *Nauseous lore* (nô'shŭs). Disgusting knowledge.

4. *Hippocrates* (hī-pŏk'rā-tēz). A Greek physician of the fourth century B. C., who is known as the "Father of Medicine."

gushed from the fiery fountains of the still.¹ In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! the TOWN PUMP and the cow! Such is the glorious co-partnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation!² Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war,—the drunkenness of nations,—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy,—a calm bliss of temperate affections,—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down not reluctantly at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do,

1. *The still.* The distillery.

2. *Consummation.* End; completion.

some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality,¹ you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity² in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified,³ than by plunging slapdash into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage,—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives,—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes⁴ of the world around

1. *Regenerated by my instrumentality.* Entirely changed because of my influence.

2. *Pugnacity* (pŭg-năs'ĭ-ti). Inclination or readiness to fight.

3. *Exemplified.* Illustrated; made plain.

4. *Manifold disquietudes.* Many and various disturbances.

me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old.¹ Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP."

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: scarcely aslope, guardian, bountifully, promulgating, admirable, parched populace, unadulterated, hogshead, quaff, intimacy, gullet, miniature, antiquity, darksome, from time immemorial, consecrated, waxing and waning, replenish, capacious, auditors, impute, all-important, combustible, vital current, beneficial influence, confederate, co-partnership, monopolize, hereditary fever, transmitted, protracted, revere, hazard, tipsy, slapdash, turbulence.

2. In what ways did the Town Pump serve the community?

3. Describe the various patrons of the Town Pump.

4. Give the Town Pump's account of the early history of the well.

5. What important persons had drunk from this well?

6. Why does the Town Pump refer to the ox as a "true toper"?

7. To what uses, other than drinking, was the water put?

8. Why does the Town Pump call itself the "grand reformer of the age"? What evils does it expect to overcome?

9. What caution does the Town Pump give to the friends of temperance?

10. In what spirit did the Town Pump serve humanity?

11. What was the Town Pump's plan for overcoming the evil and sin of the world?

1. *As Rachel did of old.* See Genesis xxix, 2-11.

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), the son of a Congregational minister, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He attended Phillips-Exeter Academy, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1829. He entered the profession of law, but in a short time gave it up to become a physician. He was made professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth, and later, in 1847, at Harvard.

Dr. Holmes began writing poetry while he was a student at Harvard. He was frequently called upon after his graduation to furnish poems for the annual alumni dinners of his class. He has perhaps written more poems for special occasions than has any other American poet. Many of Holmes's poems are rich in humor. "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Last Leaf" are perhaps the best known of his poems.

"The Last Leaf" appeared in Holmes's first volume of verse. Holmes had in mind when he wrote this poem, Major Thomas Melville, an old gentleman who had taken part in the Boston "tea party." He was a well-known character in Cambridge when Holmes was a boy. It is interesting to note that in a sense Holmes did "live to be the last leaf upon the tree." Of that distinguished group of New England writers, who did so much for American literature, Holmes was the last to die.

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found
By the Crier¹ on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

1. *Crier*. A watchman whose business it was to patrol the town, making public announcements to the people.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: pavement stones, resound, totters, prime, Crier, wan, mossy marbles, Roman nose, staff, melancholy.
 2. Give your impression of the appearance of the old man described in the poem.
 3. Explain, "Ere the pruning-knife of Time cut him down."
 4. What does the poet mean by "better man"?
 5. What does the old man mean by "They are gone"?
 6. Explain, "The mossy marbles rest on the lips that he has prest in their bloom."
 7. Why does the poet say it is a sin to laugh at the old gentleman?
 8. Explain, "The last leaf upon the tree in the spring."
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THE NIGHT ON THE ISLAND

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851) was born in Burlington, New Jersey. In 1790 his father moved to a large tract of land near Otsego on the headwaters of the Susquehanna River. He laid out the streets of "Cooperstown," and built a beautiful house which he named "Otsego Hall." James grew up on the frontier and became accustomed to the life of the woods and the companionship of trappers and Indians.

Cooper went to school in Albany, New York, and in 1803 entered Yale College. He left this institution in his junior year and entered the navy, taking service on a merchant vessel as preparatory training. His experience on the sea was of great value when he wrote his sea tales. Cooper's first novel to attract attention was "The Spy," a story founded on incidents of the Revolutionary War. "The Leatherstocking Tales," a series of five novels in which he portrays the lives of frontiersmen and Indians, represent his greatest achievement. The following selection is taken from "The Last of the Mohicans," the second and most famous of the five stories.

Major Duncan Heyward, Cora and Alice Munro, and the singing master, David Gamut, were endeavoring to make their way from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry. They had been deceived and misled by their Indian guide, but were rescued by Hawkeye and his two Indian companions, who put the treacherous guide to flight. Hawkeye and the Indians, after hiding the horses, had conducted the party to a secret hiding place on an island in the Hudson River in order to prevent a surprise by hostile Indian bands.

THE NIGHT ON THE ISLAND

AT the farther extremity of a narrow, deep cavern in the rock, whose length appeared much extended by the perspective¹ and the nature of the light by which it was seen, was seated the scout, holding a blazing knot of pine. The strong glare of the fire fell full upon his sturdy, weather-beaten countenance and forest attire, lending an air of romantic wildness to the aspect of an individual who, seen by the sober light of day, would have exhibited the peculiarities of a man remarkable for the strangeness of his dress, the iron-like inflexibility of his frame, and the singular compound of quick, vigilant sagacity and of exquisite simplicity that by turns usurped the possession of his muscular features. At a little distance in advance stood Uncas,² his whole person thrown powerfully into

1. *Perspective*. The apparent relative distance of objects from the eye.

2. *Uncas* (ũŋ'kás).

view. The travellers anxiously regarded the upright, flexible figure of the young Mohican, graceful and unrestrained in the attitudes and movements of nature. Though his person was more than usually screened by a green and fringed hunting-shirt, like that of the white man, there was no concealment to his dark, glancing, fearless eye, alike terrible and calm; the bold outline of his high, haughty features, pure in their native red; or to the dignified elevation of his receding forehead, together with all the finest proportions of a noble head, bared to the generous scalping tuft.¹ It was the first opportunity possessed by Duncan and his companions to view the marked lineaments² of either of their Indian attendants; and each individual of the party felt relieved from a burden of doubt as the proud and determined, though wild expression of the features of the young warrior forced itself on their notice. . . .

"I could sleep in peace," whispered Alice, "with such a fearless and generous-looking youth for my sentinel. Surely, Duncan, those cruel murders, those terrific scenes of torture, of which we read and hear so much, are never acted in the presence of such as he!"

"This, certainly, is a rare and brilliant instance of those natural qualities in which these peculiar people are said to excel," he answered. "I agree with you, Alice, in thinking that such a front³ and eye were formed rather to intimidate than to deceive; but let us not practice a deception upon ourselves by expecting any other exhibition of what we esteem virtue than according to the fashion of a savage. As bright examples of great qualities are but too uncom-

1. *Scalping tuft.* The Indian warriors, in shaving their heads, left a long tuft of hair on the crown of the head.

2. *Lineaments* (lĭn'ĕ-ă-mĕnts). Features; outlines.

3. *Front.* Forehead.

mon among Christians, so are they singular and solitary with the Indians; though, for the honor of our common nature, neither are incapable of producing them. Let us then hope that this Mohican may not disappoint our wishes, but prove what his looks assert him to be, a brave and constant friend."

"Now Major Heyward speaks as Major Heyward should," said Cora; "who that looks at this creature of nature remembers the shade of his skin?"

A short silence succeeded this remark, which was interrupted by the scout calling to them, aloud, to enter.

"This fire begins to show too bright a flame," he continued, as they complied, "and might light the Mingos¹ to our undoing. Uncas, drop the blanket, and show the knaves its dark side. This is not such a supper as a major of the Royal Americans has a right to expect, but I've known stout detachments of the corps² glad to eat their venison raw, and without a relish too. Here, you see, we have plenty of salt and can make a quick broil. There's fresh sassafras boughs for the ladies to sit on, which may not be as proud as their my-hog-guinea chairs, but which send up a sweeter flavor than the skin of any hog can do, be it of Guinea, or be it of any other land. Come, friend, don't be mournful for the colt;³ 'twas an innocent thing, and had not seen much hardship. Its death will save the creature many a sore back and weary foot!"

Uncas did as the other had directed, and when the

1. *Mingos*. The band of Huron Indians from whom Heyward and his companions were trying to escape.

2. *Corps* (kōr). A body of troops acting under common direction.

3. *Be mournful for the colt*. A young colt owned by the singing master had been killed by Uncas early in the evening for fear that it might be the means of revealing to the Mingos the whereabouts of the party.

voice of Hawkeye ceased, the roar of the cataract sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"Are we quite safe in this cavern?" demanded Heyward. "Is there no danger of surprise? A single armed man, at its entrance, would hold us at his mercy."

A spectral-looking figure stalked from out the darkness behind the scout, and seizing a blazing brand, held it toward the farther extremity of their place of retreat. Alice uttered a faint shriek, and even Cora rose to her feet, as this appalling object moved into the light; but a single word from Heyward calmed them, with the assurance it was only their attendant, Chingachgook,¹ who, lifting another blanket, discovered that the cavern had two outlets. Then, holding the brand, he crossed a deep, narrow chasm in the rocks, which ran at right angles with the passage they were in, but which, unlike that, was open to the heavens, and entered another cave, answering to the description of the first in every essential particular.

"Such old foxes as Chingachgook and myself are not often caught in a burrow with one hole," said Hawkeye,² laughing; "you can easily see the cunning of the place—the rock is black limestone, which everybody knows is soft; it makes no uncomfortable pillow, where brush and pine wood is scarce; well, the fall was once a few yards below us, and I dare say was, in its time, as regular and as handsome a sheet of water as any along the Hudson. But old age is a great injury to good looks, as these sweet young ladies have yet to l'arn! The place is sadly changed! These rocks are full of cracks, and in some places they are softer than at othersome, and the water has worked out deep hollows for itself, until it has fallen back, ay, some

1. *Chingachgook* (chĭn-gäch'göök).

2. *Hawkeye*. The scout.

hundred feet, breaking here and wearing there until the falls have neither shape nor consistency.”¹

“In what part of them are we?” asked Heyward.

“Why, we are nigh the spot that Providence first placed them at, but where, it seems, they were too rebellious to stay. The rock proved softer on each side of us, and so they left the centre of the river bare and dry, first working out these two little holes for us to hide in.”

“We are then on an island?”

“Ay! there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips; here it shoots; in one place ’tis white as snow, and in another ’tis green as grass; hereabouts, it pitches into deep hollows that rumble and quake the ’arth; and hereaway it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone as if ’twas no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconcerted.² First it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; nor are there places wanting where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt! Ay, lady, the fine cobweb-looking cloth you wear at your throat is coarse and like a fish-net to little spots I can show you, where the river fabricates³ all sorts of images, as if, having broke loose from order, it would try its hand at everything. And yet what does it amount to! After the water has been suffered to have its will, for a time, like a headstrong man, it is gathered together by

1. *Consistency.* Regularity.

2. *Disconcerted.* Disturbed.

3. *Fabricates.* Forms; produces.

the hand that made it, and a few rods below you may see it all, flowing on steadily toward the sea, as was fore-ordained¹ from the first foundation of the 'arth!'"

While the auditors received a cheering assurance of the security of their place of concealment, from this untutored description of Glenn's,² they were much inclined to judge differently from Hawkeye, of its wild beauties. But they were not in a situation to suffer their thoughts to dwell on the charms of natural objects; and, as the scout had not found it necessary to cease his culinary labors³ while he spoke, unless to point out, with a broken fork, the direction of some particularly obnoxious point in the rebellious stream, they now suffered their attention to be drawn to the necessary, though more vulgar⁴ consideration of their supper.

The repast, which was greatly aided by the addition of a few delicacies that Heyward had the precaution to bring with him when they left their horses, was exceedingly refreshing to the weary party. Uncas acted as attendant to the females, performing all the little offices within his power with a mixture of dignity and anxious grace that served to amuse Heyward, who well knew that it was an utter innovation⁵ on the Indian customs, which forbid their warriors to descend to any menial⁶ employment, especially in favor of their women. As the rites of hospitality were, however, considered sacred among them, this little departure from the dignity of manhood excited no audible comment. Had there been one there sufficiently disengaged to

1. *Foreordained* (fōr'ôr-dānd'). Arranged or appointed beforehand.

2. *Glenn's*. Glenn's Falls, located on the upper course of the Hudson.

3. *Culinary labors*. The preparation of the meal.

4. *Vulgar*. Common.

5. *Utter innovation*. Something entirely new.

6. *Menial* (mē'nī-āl). Pertaining to the household.

become a close observer, he might have fancied that the services of the young chief were not entirely impartial: that while he tendered to Alice the gourd of sweet water and the venison in a trencher,¹ neatly carved from the knot of the pepperidge,² with sufficient courtesy, in performing the same offices to her sister his dark eye lingered on her rich, speaking countenance. Once or twice he was compelled to speak, to command the attention of those he served. In such cases, he made use of English, broken and imperfect, but sufficiently intelligible; and which he rendered so mild and musical, by his deep, guttural voice, that it never failed to cause both ladies to look up in admiration and astonishment. In the course of these civilities³ a few sentences were exchanged that served to establish the appearance of an amicable⁴ intercourse between the parties.

In the meanwhile, the gravity of Chingachgook remained immovable. He had seated himself more within the circle of light, where the frequent uneasy glances of his guests were better enabled to separate the natural expression of his face from the artificial terrors of the war-paint. They found a strong resemblance between father and son, with the difference that might be expected from age and hardships. The fierceness of his countenance now seemed to slumber, and in its place was to be seen the quiet, vacant composure which distinguishes an Indian warrior when his faculties⁵ are not required for any of the greater purposes of his existence. It was, however, easy to be seen, by the occasional gleams that shot across his swarthy

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1. *Trencher*. A wooden platter.
 2. *Pepperidge*. The black gum tree.
 3. *Civilities* (sĭ-vĭl'ĭ-tĭz). Courtesies.
 4. *Amicable* (ăm'ĭ-kă-b'l). Friendly.
 5. *Faculties*. Powers of mind.

visage, that it was only necessary to arouse his passions in order to give full effect to the terrific device which he had adopted to intimidate his enemies. On the other hand, the quick, roving eye of the scout seldom rested. He ate and drank with an appetite that no sense of danger could disturb, but his vigilance seemed never to desert him. Twenty times the gourd or the venison was suspended before his lips, while his head was turned aside, as though he listened to some distant and distrusted sounds—a movement that never failed to recall his guests from regarding the novelties of their situation, to a recollection of the alarming reasons that had driven them to seek it. As these frequent pauses were never followed by any remark, the momentary uneasiness they created quickly passed away, and for a time was forgotten.

“Come, friend,” said Hawkeye, drawing out a keg from beneath a cover of leaves, toward the close of the repast, and addressing the stranger who sat at his elbow, doing great justice to his culinary skill, “try a little spruce;¹ ’twill wash away all thoughts of the colt, and quicken the life in your bosom. I drink to our better friendship, hoping that a little horse-flesh may leave no heartburnings atween us. How do you name yourself?”

“Gamut—David Gamut,” returned the singing-master, preparing to wash down his sorrows in a powerful draught of the woodman’s high-flavored and well-laced compound.²

“A very good name, and, I dare say, handed down from honest forefathers. I’m an admirator of names, though the Christian fashions fall far below savage customs in this particular. The biggest coward I ever knew was called Lyon; and his wife, Patience, would scold you out of hearing in less time than a hunted deer would run a rod.

1. *Spruce.* A drink flavored with spruce.

2. *Well-laced compound.* A drink having plenty of spirits added.

With an Indian 'tis a matter of conscience; what he calls himself, he generally is—not that Chingachgook, which signifies Big Serpent, is really a snake, big or little; but that he understands the windings and turnings of human natur', and is silent, and strikes his enemies when they least expect him. What may be your calling?"

"I am an unworthy instructor in the art of psalmody."

"Anan!"¹

"I teach singing to the youths of the Connecticut levy."²

"You might be better employed. The young hounds go laughing and singing too much already through the woods, when they ought not to breathe louder than a fox in his cover. Can you use the smooth-bore, or handle the rifle?"

"Praised be God, I have never had occasion to meddle with murderous implements!"

"Perhaps you understand the compass, and lay down the water-courses and mountains of the wilderness on paper, in order that they who follow may find places by their given names?"

"I practice no such employment."

"You have a pair of legs that might make a long path seem short! you journey sometimes, I fancy, with tidings for the general."

"Never; I follow no other than my own high vocation, which is instruction in sacred music!"

"'Tis a strange calling!" muttered Hawkeye, with an inward laugh, "to go through life like a catbird, mocking all the ups and downs that may happen to come out of other men's throats. Well, friend, I suppose it is your

1. *Anan* (â-năn'). Anon.

2. *Levy*. Troops.

gift, and mustn't be denied any more than if 'twas shooting, or some other better inclination. Let us hear what you can do in that way; 'twill be a friendly manner of saying good-night, for 'tis time that these ladies should be getting strength for a hard and a long push, in the pride of the morning, afore the Maquas¹ are stirring!"

"With joyful pleasure do I consent," said David, adjusting his iron-rimmed spectacles, and producing his beloved little volume, which he immediately tendered to Alice. "What can be more fitting and consolatory than to offer up evening praise after a day of such exceeding jeopardy!"²

Alice smiled; but regarding Heyward, she blushed and hesitated.

"Indulge yourself," he whispered: "ought not the suggestion of the worthy namesake of the Psalmist to have its weight at such a moment?"

Encouraged by his opinion, Alice did what her pious inclinations and her keen relish for gentle sounds had before so strongly urged. The book was open at a hymn not ill adapted to their situation, and in which the poet, no longer goaded by his desire to excel the inspired king of Israel,³ had discovered some chastened and respectable powers. Cora betrayed a disposition to support her sister, and the sacred song proceeded, after the indispensable preliminaries of the pitch-pipe and the tune had been duly attended to by the methodical David.

The air was solemn and slow. At times it rose to the fullest compass of the rich voices of the females, who hung over their little book in holy excitement, and again it sank

1. *Maquas* (mä'kwáz). The Huron Indians.

2. *Jeopardy*. Danger.

3. *King of Israel*. David, the author of the Psalms.

so low that the rushing of the waters ran through their melody, like a hollow accompaniment. The natural taste and true ear of David governed and modified the sounds to suit the confined cavern, every crevice and cranny of which was filled with the thrilling notes of their flexible voices. The Indians riveted their eyes on the rocks, and listened with an attention that seemed to turn them into stone. But the scout, who had placed his chin in his hand with an expression of cold indifference, gradually suffered his rigid features to relax, until, as verse succeeded verse, he felt his iron nature subdued, while his recollection was carried back to boyhood, when his ears had been accustomed to listen to similar sounds of praise, in the settlements of the colony. His roving eyes began to moisten, and before the hymn was ended, scalding tears rolled out of fountains that had long seemed dry, and followed each other down those cheeks that had oftener felt the storms of heaven than any testimonials of weakness. The singers were dwelling on one of those low, dying chords which the ear devours with such greedy rapture, as if conscious that it is about to lose them, when a cry that seemed neither human nor earthly rose in the outward air, penetrating not only the recesses of the cavern, but to the inmost hearts of all who heard it. It was followed by a stillness apparently as deep as if the waters had been checked in their furious progress at such a horrid and unusual interruption.

"What is it?" murmured Alice, after a few moments of terrible suspense.

"What is it?" repeated Heyward aloud.

Neither Hawkeye nor the Indians made any reply. They listened, as if expecting the sound would be repeated, with a manner that expressed their own astonishment. At length they spoke together earnestly, in the Delaware

language, when Uncas, passing by the inner and most concealed aperture,¹ cautiously left the cavern. When he had gone, the scout first spoke in English.

"What it is, or what it is not, none here can tell; though two of us have ranged the woods for more than thirty years! I did believe there was no cry that Indians or beast could make, that my ears had not heard; but this has proved that I was only a vain and conceited mortal!"

"Was it not, then, the shout the warriors make when they wish to intimidate their enemies?" asked Cora, who stood drawing her veil about her person with a calmness to which her agitated sister was a stranger.

"No, no; this was bad, and shocking, and had a sort of unhuman sound; but when you once hear the war-whoop, you will never mistake it for anything else! Well, Uncas!" speaking in Delaware to the young chief as he reëntered, "what see you? do our lights shine through the blankets?"

The answer was short, and apparently decided, being given in the same tongue.

"There is nothing to be seen without," continued Hawkeye, shaking his head in discontent; "and our hiding-place is still in darkness! Pass into the other cave, you that need it, and seek for sleep; we must be afoot long before the sun, and make the most of our time to get to Edward,² while the Mingos are taking their morning nap."

Cora set the example of compliance, with a steadiness that taught the more timid Alice the necessity of obedience. Before leaving the place, however, she whispered a request to Duncan that he would follow. Uncas raised the blanket for their passage, and as the sisters turned to thank him for this act of attention, they saw the scout

1. *Aperture* (ăp'ēr-tūr). Opening.

2. *Edward*. Fort Edward.

seated again before the dying embers, with his face resting on his hands, in a manner which showed how deeply he brooded on the unaccountable interruption which had broken up their evening devotions.

Heyward took with him a blazing knot, which threw a dim light through the narrow vista¹ of their new apartment. Placing it in a favorable position, he joined the females, who now found themselves alone with him for the first time since they had left the friendly ramparts of Fort Edward.

"Leave us not, Duncan," said Alice; "we cannot sleep in such a place as this, with that horrid cry still ringing in our ears!"

"First let us examine into the security of your fortress," he answered, "and then we will speak of rest."

He approached the farther end of the cavern, to an outlet which, like the others, was concealed by blankets, and, removing the thick screen, breathed the fresh and reviving air from the cataract. One arm of the river flowed through a deep, narrow ravine, which its current had worn in the soft rock, directly beneath his feet, forming an effectual defense, as he believed, against any danger from that quarter; the water, a few rods above them, plunging, glancing, and sweeping along in its most violent and broken manner.

"Nature has made an impenetrable barrier on this side," he continued, pointing down the perpendicular declivity² into the dark current, before he dropped the blanket; "and as you know that good men and true are on guard in front, I see no reason why the advice of our

1. *Vista*. A view through or along an avenue, such as is formed by two rows of trees.

2. *Declivity*. A descending surface.

honest host should be disregarded. I am certain Cora will join me in saying that sleep is necessary to you both."

"Cora may submit to the justice of your opinion, though she cannot put it in practice," returned the elder sister, who had placed herself by the side of Alice, on a couch of sassafras; "there would be other causes to chase away sleep, though we had been spared the shock of this mysterious noise. Ask yourself, Heyward, can daughters forget the anxiety a father must endure, whose children lodge he knows not where or how, in such a wilderness, and in the midst of so many perils?"

"That were impossible," returned the young man; "he called you by a thousand endearing epithets¹ that I may not presume to use, but to the justice of which I can warmly testify. Once, indeed, he said—"

Duncan ceased speaking; for while his eyes were riveted on those of Alice, who had turned toward him with the eagerness of filial affection to catch his words, the same strong, horrid cry as before filled the air and rendered him mute. A long, breathless silence succeeded, during which each looked at the others in fearful expectation of hearing the sound repeated. At length the blanket was slowly raised, and the scout stood in the aperture with a countenance whose firmness evidently began to give way, before a mystery that seemed to threaten some danger against which all his cunning and experience might prove of no avail.

"'Twould be neglecting a warning that is given for our good, to lie hid any longer," said Hawkeye, "when such sounds are raised in the forest! The gentle ones may keep close, but the Mohicans and I will watch upon the rock, where I suppose a major of the 60th would wish to keep us company."

1. *Endearing epithets.* Tender names.

"Is then our danger so pressing?" asked Cora.

"He who makes strange sounds, and gives them out for man's information, alone knows our danger. I should think myself wicked, unto rebellion against His will, was I to burrow with such warnings in the air! Even the weak soul who passes his days in singing is stirred by the cry, and, as he says, is 'ready to go forth to the battle.' If 'twere only a battle, it would be a thing understood by us all, and easily managed; but I have heard that when such shrieks are atween heaven and 'arth, it betokens another sort of warfare!"

"If all our reasons for fear, my friend, are confined to such as proceed from supernatural causes, we have but little occasion to be alarmed," continued the undisturbed Cora; "are you certain that our enemies have not invented some new and ingenious method to strike us with terror, that their conquest may become more easy?"

"Lady," returned the scout, solemnly, "I have listened to all the sounds of the woods for thirty years, as a man will listen whose life and death depend on the quickness of his ears. There is no whine of the panther, no whistle of the catbird, nor any invention of the devilish Mingos, that can cheat me! I have heard the forest moan like mortal men in their affliction; often, and again, have I listened to the wind playing its music in the branches of the girdled trees;¹ and I have heard the lightning cracking in the air, like the snapping of blazing brush, as it spitted forth sparks and forked flames; but never have I thought that I heard more than the pleasure of Him who sported with the things of His hand. But neither the Mohicans, nor I, who am a

1. *Girdled trees.* Trees that had been killed by chopping a ring of bark from around them.

white man without a cross,¹ can explain the cry just heard. We, therefore, believe it a sign given for our good."

"It is extraordinary!" said Heyward, taking his pistols from the place where he had laid them on entering; "be it a sign of peace or a signal of war, it must be looked to. Lead the way, my friend; I follow."

On issuing from their place of confinement, the whole party instantly experienced a grateful renovation² of spirits, by exchanging the pent air of the hiding-place for the cool and invigorating atmosphere which played around the whirlpools and pitches of the cataract. A heavy evening breeze swept along the surface of the river, and seemed to drive the roar of the falls into the recesses of their own caverns, whence it issued heavily and constant, like thunder rumbling beyond the distant hills. The moon had risen, and its light was already glancing here and there on the waters above them; but the extremity of the rock where they stood still lay in shadow. With the exception of the sounds produced by the rushing waters, and an occasional breathing of the air, as it murmured past them in fitful currents, the scene was as still as night and solitude could make it. In vain were the eyes of each individual bent along the opposite shores in quest of some signs of life that might explain the nature of the interruption they had heard. Their anxious and eager looks were baffled by the deceptive light, or rested only on naked rocks and straight and immovable trees.

"There is nothing to be seen but the gloom and quiet of a lovely evening," whispered Duncan. "How much should we prize such a scene, and all this breathing solitude, at any other moment, Cora! Fancy yourselves in

1. *Without a cross.* Without mixed blood.

2. *Renovation.* Refreshing.

security, and what now, perhaps, increases your terror, may be made conducive to enjoyment—”

“Listen!” interrupted Alice.

The caution was unnecessary. Once more the same sound arose, as if from the bed of the river; and, having broken out of the narrow bounds of the cliffs, was heard undulating through the forest, in distant and dying cadences.¹

“Can any here give a name to such a cry?” demanded Hawkeye, when the last echo was lost in the woods; “if so, let him speak; for myself, I judge it not to belong to ‘arth!’”

“Here, then, is one who can undeceive you,” said Duncan; “I know the sound full well, for often have I heard it on the field of battle, and in situations which are frequent in a soldier’s life. ’Tis the horrid shriek that a horse will give in his agony; oftener drawn from him in pain, though sometimes in terror. My charger is either a prey to the beasts of the forest, or he sees his danger, without the power to avoid it. The sound might deceive me in the cavern, but in the open air I know it too well to be wrong.”

The scout and his companions listened to this simple explanation with the interest of men who imbibe new ideas, at the same time that they get rid of old ones, which had proved disagreeable inmates. The two latter uttered their usual and expressive exclamation, “Hugh!” as the truth first glanced upon their minds, while the former, after a short musing pause, took upon himself to reply.

“I cannot deny your words,” he said; “for I am little skilled in horses, though born where they abound. The wolves must be hovering above their heads on the bank,

1. *Cadences* (kā’děń-sěz). The modulations or changes of a sound.

and the timorsome¹ creatures are calling on man for help, in the best manner they are able. Uncas,"—he spoke in Delaware—"Uncas, drop down in the canoe, and whirl a brand among the pack; or fear may do what the wolves can't get at to perform, and leave us without horses in the morning, when we shall have so much need to journey swiftly!"

The young native had already descended to the water to comply, when a long howl was raised on the edge of the river, and was borne swiftly off into the depths of the forest, as though the beasts, of their own accord, were abandoning their prey in sudden terror. Uncas, with instinctive quickness, receded, and the three foresters held another of their low, earnest conferences.

"We have been like hunters who have lost the points of the heavens, and from whom the sun has been hid for days," said Hawkeye, turning away from his companions; "now we begin again to know the signs of our course, and the paths are cleared from briers! Seat yourselves in the shade which the moon throws from yonder beech—'tis thicker than that of the pines—and let us wait for that which the Lord may choose to send next. Let all your conversation be in whispers; though it would be better, and perhaps, in the end, wiser, if each one held discourse with his own thoughts for a time."

The manner of the scout was seriously impressive, though no longer distinguished by any signs of unmanly apprehension. It was evident that his momentary weakness had vanished with the explanation of a mystery which his own experience had not served to fathom; and though he now felt all the realities of their actual condition, that he was prepared to meet them with the energy of his hardy

1. *Timorsome*. Timorous. Lacking in courage; fearful.

nature. This feeling seemed also common to the natives, who placed themselves in positions which commanded a full view of both shores, while their own persons were effectually concealed from observation. In such circumstances, common prudence dictated that Heyward and his companions should imitate a caution that proceeded from so intelligent a source. The young man drew a pile of the sassafras from the cave, and, placing it in the chasm which separated the two caverns, it was occupied by the sisters, who were thus protected by the rocks from any missiles, while their anxiety was relieved by the assurance that no danger could approach without a warning. Heyward himself was posted at hand, so near that he might communicate with his companions without raising his voice to a dangerous elevation, while David, in imitation of the woodsmen, bestowed his person in such a manner among the fissures¹ of the rocks that his ungainly limbs were no longer offensive to the eye.

In this manner hours passed by without further interruption. The moon reached the zenith, and shed its mild light perpendicularly on the lovely sight of the sisters slumbering peacefully in each other's arms. Duncan cast the wide shawl of Cora before a spectacle he so much loved to contemplate, and then suffered his own head to seek a pillow on the rock. David began to utter sounds that would have shocked his delicate organs in more wakeful moments; in short, all but Hawkeye and the Mohicans lost every idea of consciousness, in uncontrollable drowsiness. But the watchfulness of these vigilant protectors neither tired nor slumbered. Immovable as that rock of which each appeared to form a part they lay, with their

1. *Fissures*. Narrow openings; clefts.

eyes roving without intermission along the dark margin of trees that bounded the adjacent shores of the narrow stream. Not a sound escaped them; the most subtle examination could not have told they breathed. It was evident that this excess of caution proceeded from an experience that no subtlety on the part of their enemies could deceive. It was, however, continued without any apparent consequences, until the moon had set, and a pale streak above the tree-tops, at the bend of the river a little below, announced the approach of day.

Then, for the first time, Hawkeye was seen to stir. He crawled along the rock, and shook Duncan from his heavy slumbers.

"Now is the time to journey," he whispered; "awake the gentle ones, and be ready to get into the canoe when I bring it to the landing-place."

"Have you had a quiet night?" said Heyward; "for myself, I believe sleep has got the better of my vigilance."

"All is yet still as midnight. Be silent, but be quick."

By this time Duncan was thoroughly awake, and he immediately lifted the shawl from the sleeping females. The motion caused Cora to raise her hand as if to repulse him, while Alice murmured, in her soft, gentle voice, "No, no, dear father, we were not deserted; Duncan was with us!"

"Yes, sweet innocence," whispered the youth; "Duncan is here, and while life continues or danger remains, he will never quit thee. Cora! Alice! awake! The hour has come to move!"

A loud shriek from the younger of the sisters, and the form of the other standing upright before him, in bewildered horror, was the unexpected answer he received. While the words were still on the lips of Heyward, there had arisen such a tumult of yells and cries as served to drive the swift

currents of his own blood back from its bounding course into the fountains of his heart. It seemed, for near a minute, as if the demons of hell had possessed themselves of the air about them, and were venting their savage humors in barbarous sounds. The cries came from no particular direction, though it was evident they filled the woods, and, as the appalled listeners easily imagined, the caverns of the falls, the rocks, the bed of the river, and the upper air. David raised his tall person in the midst of the infernal din, with a hand on either ear, exclaiming,—

“Whence comes this discord? Has hell broke loose, that man should utter sounds like these?”

The bright flashes and the quick reports of a dozen rifles from the opposite banks of the stream followed this incautious exposure of his person, and left the unfortunate singing-master senseless on that rock where he had been so long slumbering. The Mohicans boldly sent back the intimidating yell of their enemies, who raised a shout of savage triumph at the fall of Gamut. The flash of rifles was then quick and close between them, but either party was too well skilled to leave even a limb exposed to the hostile aim. Duncan listened with intense anxiety for the strokes of the paddle, believing that flight was now their only refuge. The river glanced by with its ordinary velocity, but the canoe was nowhere to be seen on its dark waters. He had just fancied they were cruelly deserted by the scout, as a stream of flame issued from the rock beneath him, and a fierce yell, blended with a shriek of agony, announced that the messenger of death, sent from the fatal weapon of Hawkeye, had found a victim. At this slight repulse the assailants instantly withdrew, and gradually the place became as still as before the sudden tumult.

Duncan seized the favorable moment to spring to the body of Gamut, which he bore within the shelter of the

narrow chasm that protected the sisters. In another minute the whole party was collected in this spot of comparative safety.

"The poor fellow has saved his scalp," said Hawkeye, coolly passing his hand over the head of David; "but he is a proof that a man may be born with too long a tongue! 'Twas downright madness to show six feet of flesh and blood, on a naked rock, to the raging savages. I only wonder he has escaped with life."

"Is he not dead?" demanded Cora, in a voice whose husky tones showed how powerfully natural horror struggled with her assumed firmness. "Can we do aught to assist the wretched man?"

"No, no! the life is in his heart yet, and after he has slept a while he will come to himself, and be a wiser man for it, till the hour of his real time shall come," returned Hawkeye, casting another oblique glance at the insensible body, while he filled his charger¹ with admirable nicety. "Carry him in, Uncas, and lay him on the sassafras. The longer his nap lasts the better it will be for him, as I doubt whether he can find a proper cover for such a shape on these rocks; and singing won't do any good with the Iroquois."²

"You believe, then, the attack will be renewed?" asked Heyward.

"Do I expect a hungry wolf will satisfy his craving with a mouthful! They have lost a man, and 'tis their fashion, when they meet a loss, and fail in the surprise, to fall back; but we shall have them on again, with new expedients to circumvent³ us, and master our scalps. Our main

1. *Charger*. The receptacle in which the powder for charging a gun is measured.

2. *Iroquois* (ir'ô-kwoi').

3. *Circumvent*. Gain advantage by deceit.

hope," he continued, raising his rugged countenance, across which a shade of anxiety just then passed like a darkening cloud, "will be to keep the rock until Munro can send a party to our help! God send it may be soon, and under a leader that knows the Indian customs!"

"You hear our probable fortunes, Cora," said Duncan, "and you know we have everything to hope from the anxiety and experience of your father. Come, then, with Alice, into this cavern, where you, at least, will be safe from the murderous rifles of our enemies, and where you may bestow a care suited to your gentle natures on our unfortunate comrade."

The sisters followed him into the outer cave, where David was beginning, by his sighs, to give symptoms of returning consciousness; and then, commending the wounded man to their attention, he immediately prepared to leave them.

"Duncan!" said the tremulous voice of Cora, when he had reached the mouth of the cavern. He turned, and beheld the speaker, whose color had changed to a deadly paleness, and whose lip quivered, gazing after him with an expression of interest which immediately recalled him to her side. "Remember, Duncan, how necessary your safety is to our own—how you bear a father's sacred trust—how much depends on your discretion and care—in short," she added, while the tell-tale blood stole over her features, crimsoning her very temples, "how very deservedly dear you are to all of the name of Munro."

"If anything could add to my own base love of life," said Heyward, suffering his unconscious eyes to wander to the youthful form of the silent Alice, "it would be so kind an assurance. As major of the 60th, our honest host will tell you I must take my share of the fray; but our task

will be easy; it is merely to keep these bloodhounds at bay for a few hours."

Without waiting for reply, he tore himself from the presence of the sisters, and joined the scout and his companions, who still lay within the protection of the little chasm between the two caves.

"I tell you, Uncas," said the former, as Heyward joined them, "you are wasteful of your powder, and the kick of the rifle disconcerts your aim! Little powder, light lead, and a long arm, seldom fail of bringing the death screech from a Mingo! At least, such has been my experience with the creatur's. Come, friends; let us to our covers, for no man can tell when or where a Maqua will strike his blow."

The Indians silently repaired to their appointed stations, which were fissures in the rocks, whence they could command the approaches to the foot of the falls. In the centre of the little island a few short and stunted pines had found root, forming a thicket into which Hawkeye darted with the swiftness of a deer, followed by the active Duncan. Here they secured themselves, as well as circumstances would permit, among the shrubs and fragments of stone that were scattered about the place. Above them was a bare, rounded rock, on each side of which the water played its gambols, and plunged into the abysses beneath in the manner already described. As the day had now dawned, the opposite shores no longer presented a confused outline, but they were able to look into the woods and distinguish objects beneath the canopy of gloomy pines.

A long and anxious watch succeeded, but without any further evidences of a renewed attack; and Duncan began to hope that their fire had proved more fatal than was supposed, and that their enemies had been effectually repulsed. When he ventured to utter this impression to his

companion, it was met by Hawkeye with an incredulous shake of the head.

"You know not the nature of a Maqua, if you think he is so easily beaten back without a scalp!" he answered. "If there was one of the imps yelling this morning, there were forty! and they know our number and quality too well to give up the chase so soon. Hist! look into the water above, just where it breaks over the rocks. I am no mortal, if the risky devils haven't swam down upon the very pitch,¹ and, as bad luck would have it, they have hit the head of the island. Hist! man, keep close! or the hair will be off your crown in the turning of a knife!"

Heyward lifted his head from the cover, and beheld what he justly considered a prodigy² of rashness and skill. The river had worn away the edge of the soft rock in such a manner as to render its first pitch less abrupt and perpendicular than is usual at waterfalls. With no other guide than the ripple of the stream where it met the head of the island, a party of their insatiable³ foes had ventured into the current, and swum down upon this point, knowing the ready access it would give, if successful, to their intended victims. As Hawkeye ceased speaking, four human heads could be seen peering above a few logs of drift-wood that had lodged on these naked rocks, and which had probably suggested the idea of the practicability of the hazardous undertaking. At the next moment, a fifth form was seen floating over the green edge of the fall, a little from the line of the island. The savage struggled powerfully to gain the point of safety, and, favored by the glancing water, he was already stretching forth an arm to meet the grasp of his companions, when he shot away again

1. *Pitch*. A point or peak.

2. *Prodigy*. Something extraordinary or remarkable.

3. *Insatiable* (in-sā'shī-ā-b'l). Incapable of being satisfied.

with the whirling current, appeared to rise into the air, with uplifted arms and starting eyeballs, and fell, with a sullen plunge, into that deep and yawning abyss over which he hovered. A single wild, despairing shriek rose from the cavern, and all was hushed again as the grave.

The first generous impulse of Duncan was to rush to the rescue of the hapless wretch; but he felt himself bound to the spot by the iron grasp of the immovable scout.

"Would ye bring certain death upon us, by telling the Mingos where we lie?" demanded Hawkeye, sternly; "'tis a charge of powder saved, and ammunition is as precious now as breath to a worried deer! Freshen the priming¹ of your pistols—the mist of the falls is apt to dampen the brimstone—and stand firm for a close struggle while I fire on their rush.

He placed his finger in his mouth, and drew a long, shrill whistle, which was answered from the rocks that were guarded by the Mohicans. Duncan caught glimpses of heads above the scattered drift-wood, as this signal rose on the air, but they disappeared again as suddenly as they had glanced upon his sight. A low, rustling sound next drew his attention behind him, and turning his head, he beheld Uncas within a few feet, creeping to his side. Hawkeye spoke to him in Delaware, when the young chief took his position with singular caution and undisturbed coolness. To Heyward this was a moment of feverish and impatient suspense, though the scout saw fit to select it as a fit occasion to read a lecture to his more youthful associates on the art of using fire-arms with discretion.

"Of all we'pons," he commenced, "the long-barrelled, true-grooved, soft-metalled rifle is the most dangerous in skilful hands, though it wants a strong arm, a quick eye,

1. *Priming*. The powder used to fire a gun.

and great judgment in charging, to put forth all its beauties. The gunsmiths can have but little insight into their trade when they make their fowling-pieces and short horsemen's—"

He was interrupted by the low but expressive "Hugh!" of Uncas.

"I see them, boy, I see them!" continued Hawkeye; "they are gathering for the rush, or they would keep their dingy backs below the logs. Well, let them," he added, examining his flint; "the leading man certainly comes on to his death, though it should be Montcalm¹ himself!"

At that moment the woods were filled with another burst of cries, and at the signal four savages sprang from the cover of the drift-wood. Heyward felt a burning desire to rush forward to meet them, so intense was the delirious anxiety of the moment; but he was restrained by the deliberate examples of the scout and Uncas. When their foes who leaped over the black rock that divided them, with long bounds, uttering the wildest yells, were within a few rods, the rifle of Hawkeye slowly rose among the shrubs, and poured out its fatal contents. The foremost Indian bounded like a stricken deer and fell headlong among the clefts of the island.

"Now, Uncas!" cried the scout, drawing his long knife, while his quick eyes began to flash with ardor, "take the last of the screeching imps; of the other two we are sartain!"

He was obeyed; and but two enemies remained to be overcome. Heyward had given one of his pistols to Hawk-

1. *Montcalm*. General Montcalm, who was particularly hated by the English because of his success in stirring up the Indians against the colonists.

eye, and together they rushed down a little declivity toward their foes; they discharged their weapons at the same instant, and equally without success.

"I know'd it! and I said it!" muttered the scout, whirling the despised little implement over the falls with bitter disdain. "Come on, ye bloody-minded hell-hounds! ye meet a man without a cross!"

The words were barely uttered, when he encountered a savage of gigantic stature, and of the fiercest mien. At the same moment, Duncan found himself engaged with the other in a similar contest of hand to hand. With ready skill, Hawkeye and his antagonist each grasped that uplifted arm of the other which held the dangerous knife. For near a minute they stood looking one another in the eye, and gradually exerting the power of their muscles for the mastery. At length the toughened sinews of the white man prevailed over the less practised limbs of the native. The arm of the latter slowly gave way before the increasing force of the scout, who, suddenly wresting his armed hand from the grasp of the foe, drove the sharp weapon through his naked bosom to the heart. In the meantime Heyward had been pressed in a more deadly struggle. His slight sword was snapped in the first encounter. As he was destitute of any other means of defence, his safety now depended entirely on bodily strength and resolution. Though deficient in neither of these qualities, he had met an enemy every way his equal. Happily, he soon succeeded in disarming his adversary, whose knife fell on the rock at their feet; and from this moment it became a fierce struggle who should cast the other over the dizzy height into a neighboring cavern of the falls. Every successive struggle brought them nearer to the verge, where Duncan perceived the final and con-

quering effort must be made. Each of the combatants threw all his energies into that effort, and the result was that both tottered on the brink of the precipice. Heyward felt the grasp of the other at his throat, and saw the grim smile the savage gave, under the revengeful hope that he hurried his enemy to a fate similar to his own, as he felt his body slowly yielding to a resistless power; and the young man experienced the passing agony of such a moment in all its horrors. At that instant of extreme danger, a dark hand and glancing knife appeared before him; the Indian released his hold, as the blood flowed freely from around the severed tendons of the wrist; and while Duncan was drawn backward by the saving arm of Uncas, his charmed eyes were still riveted on the fierce and disappointed countenance of his foe, who fell sullenly and disappointed down the irrecoverable precipice.

The young Mohican gave a shout of triumph, and, followed by Duncan, he glided up the acclivity they had descended to the combat, and sought the friendly shelter of the rocks and shrubs.

—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: extremity, perspective, weatherbeaten, lineaments, detachments, sassafras, spectral-looking, cataract, consistency, perversity, gullies, fabricates, culinary, obnoxious, innovation, composure, vigilance, smooth-bore, indispensable, preliminaries, accompaniment, cranny, compliance, ram-parts, endearing, epithets, invigorating, solitude, undulating, missiles, incautious, nicety, tremulous, chasm, practicability, hazardous, discretion, delirious anxiety, stricken, antagonist, destitute, combatant, tendons, acclivity.

2. Describe the scout; describe Uncas.

3. Why did the ladies feel safe with Uncas as their guard?

4. Describe the cave in which the party had taken refuge.

5. Describe Glenn's Falls.

6. Why was the attendance of Uncas upon the young ladies unusual?

7. Describe the appearance of Chingachgook as he was seated in the cave.

8. Give your impressions of David Gamut.

9. What effect had the singing of the hymn upon the Indians? upon the scout?

10. What effect had the strange cry upon the scout and the Indians?

11. How did the scout regard this cry? Explain his evident fear inspired by it.

12. What caused so much caution to be observed in preparing for the night?

13. Describe the early morning attack on Heyward and his party.

14. What plan did a number of the attacking party adopt in order to reach their prey?

15. What prevented their success?

16. Tell the story of the struggle with the four Indians.

LEAVING CHISWICK MALL

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was born in Calcutta, India. He was taken to England when he was five years old. He was educated at the Charter-House School and at Cambridge. In school he showed skill in caricature sketching, and after leaving Cambridge went to Paris to study art.

Thackeray did not succeed in his art work, but turned his attention to literature. He first secured recognition as a contributor to *Punch* and to *Fraser's Magazine*. Thackeray's three great novels are "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "Vanity Fair." This selection is taken from the opening chapters of "Vanity Fair." It is an introduction to the two widely differing young ladies who are the principal characters in that great novel.

LEAVING CHISWICK MALL¹

WHILE the present century² was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two

1. *Chiswick Mall* (chĭz'ĭk mōl). A court or street in Chiswick, a suburb of London.

2. *The present century*. "Vanity Fair," the novel from which this story is taken, was written in 1847-1848.

fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs¹ as soon as the equipage² drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute³ observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss *Jemima Pinkerton* herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss *Jemima*. "Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss *Jemima*?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady, the friend of Dr. Johnson,⁴ and the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone⁵ herself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss *Jemima*; "we have made her a bowpot."⁶

"Say a bouquet, sister *Jemima*, 'tis more genteel."

1. *Bandy legs*. Crooked or bowed legs.

2. *Equipage* (ĕk'wī-pāj). A carriage of state or for pleasure, with all that accompanies it, as horses and liveried servants; a showy turnout.

3. *Acute*. Sharp; keen; shrewd.

4. *Dr. Johnson* (1709-1784). An English writer of great prominence in the eighteenth century. His dictionary was the standard dictionary of the English language for many years.

5. *Mrs. Chapone* (shā-pōn'). Hester Chapone (1727-1801), an English essayist.

6. *Bowpot* (bō'pōt). A flower pot; a bouquet.

"Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good—ninety-three pounds four shilling. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet¹ which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's "billet" was to the following effect:—

"The Mall, Chiswick, June 15, 18—

"Madam,—After her six years' residence at The Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful

1. *Billet* (bîl'ët). A note; a short letter.

sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

“In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends’ *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired; and a careful and undeviating¹ use of the backboard,² for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of the dignified *deportment and carriage*, so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

“In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honored by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*,³ and the patronage of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving The Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regard of her mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself,

“Madam, your most obliged humble servant,

BARBARA PINKERTON.

“P. S.—Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp’s stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible.”

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name and Miss Sedley’s on the fly-leaf of a Johnson’s Dictionary—the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars on their departure from The Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of

1. *Undeviating*. Constant; without change.

2. *Backboard*. A board worn across the back to give erectness to the figure.

3. *The Great Lexicographer* (lěk’si-kög’rà-fěr). Dr. Samuel Johnson. A lexicographer is one who compiles a dictionary.

"Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at The Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." In fact, the Lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the Dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. "For Becky Sharp; she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dictionary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two-and-ninepence,¹ and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton. And so, venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articulated pupil,² for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought,

1. *Two-and-ninepence.* Two shillings and nine pence; about sixty cents.

2. *Articled pupil.* A pupil bound to service to pay for the expenses of schooling.

quite enough, without conferring upon her at parting the high honor of the Dictionary.

Although schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life who is really deserving of all the praises the stonecutter carves over his bones; who *is* a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife, or husband; who actually *does* leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss; so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then that the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor. Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady of this singular species; and deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton had said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva of a woman¹ could not see, because of the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, and embroider beautifully, and spell as well as a Dictionary itself, but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of everybody who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery,² and the one-eyed tart-woman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in The Mall. She had twelve intimate and bosom friends out of the twenty-four young ladies. Even envious Miss Briggs never spoke ill of her; high and mighty Miss Saltire (Lord Dexter's grand-

1. *Pompous old Minerva of a woman.* Minerva in Roman mythology was identified with the Greek Athena, the goddess of wisdom. She was the patroness of schoolmasters and school children. She was very dignified and held a high place in the council of the gods.

2. *Scullery* (skül'ēr-y). A room where pots, dishes, and other kitchen or cooking utensils are kept and cleaned; the place where the coarse and dirty household work is done.

daughter) allowed that her figure was genteel. Miss Pinkerton's attachment was, as may be supposed from the high position and eminent virtues of that lady, calm and dignified; but Miss *Jemima* had already whimpered several times at the idea of *Amelia's* departure; and, but for fear of her sister, would have gone off in downright hysterics. Such luxury of grief, however, is allowed only to parlor boarders. Honest *Jemima* had all the bills, and the washing, and the mending, and the puddings, and the plate and crockery,¹ and the servants to superintend. But why speak about her? It is probable that we shall not hear of her again from this moment to the end of time, and that when the great filigree iron gates² are once closed on her, she and her awful sister will never issue therefrom into this little world of history.

But as we are to see a great deal of *Amelia*, there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was a dear little creature; and a great mercy it is, both in life and in novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most somber sort, that we are to have for a constant companion, so guileless³ and good-natured a person. As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person; indeed I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine; but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good humor, except indeed when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often; for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary

1. *Plate and crockery.* Silverware and chinaware.

2. *Filigree iron gates.* The ornamental iron gates of the school at Chiswick Mall.

3. *Guileless.* Artless; frank; innocent.

bird, or over a mouse that the cat haply had seized upon, or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any persons hard-hearted enough to do so—why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and god-like woman, ceased scolding her after the first time; and though she no more comprehended sensibility¹ than she did Algebra, had given all masters and teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her.

So that when the day of departure came, between her two customs of laughing and crying, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most woefully sad at leaving school. For three days before, little Laura Martin, the orphan, followed her about like a little dog. She had to make and receive at least fourteen presents—to make fourteen solemn promises of writing every week. “Send my letters under cover to my grandpapa, the Earl of Dexter,” said Miss Saltire (who, by the way, was rather shabby): and the orphan, little Laura Martin, took her friend’s hand and said, looking up in her face wistfully, “Amelia, when I write to you I shall call you Mamma.”

The flowers and the presents and the trunks and the bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow’s skin trunk with Miss Sharp’s card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer, the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil.

1. *Sensibility*. Sensitiveness; capacity for emotion or feeling.

"You'll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp, calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, and with perfect accent, "Miss, I come to say good-by to you."

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did; but, biting her lips and throwing up her venerable Roman-nosed head, on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban, she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good-morning." As she spoke, she waved one hand, both by way of adieu and by way of giving Miss Sharp an opportunity to shake one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honor, on which Miss Pinkerton tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. "Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. "Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them forever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall, all the dear friends, all the young ladies, the dancing master who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, as no pen can

depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted—that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for *her* leaving. She said that all the world used her ill, and we may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice. This is certain, that if the world neglected Miss Sharp, she never had been known to do a good action in behalf of anybody; nor can it be expected that twenty-four young ladies should all be as amiable as the heroine of this work, Miss Sedley, whom we have selected for the very reason that she was the best natured of all, otherwise what on earth was to prevent us from putting Miss Crump, or Miss Hopkins, as heroine in her place?

Sambo of the bandy legs slammed the carriage door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. “Stop!” cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

“It’s some sandwiches, my dear,” said she to Amelia. “You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here’s a book for you that my sister—that is, I—Johnson’s Dictionary, you know; you mustn’t leave us without that. Good-by. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!”

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotion.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp

put her pale face out of the window, and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused *Jemima* to faint with terror. "Well, I never!" she said. "What an audacious"—emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so, farewell to *Chiswick Mall*.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: academy, reposed, bandy, equipage, stately, acute, incident, majestic, correspondent, bowpot, genteel, autograph, sovereign, console, eloquent, composition, residence, amiable, orthography, acquirement, deportment, lexicographer, invariably, extracted, receptacle, dubious, epitaphs, disconsolate, disinterested, pompous, whimpered, downright hysterics, somber, heroine, comprehended, sensibility, weather-beaten, venerable, indignantly, demurely, actually.

2. Describe the equipage that drew up at *Chiswick Mall*.
3. What kind of person was *Miss Pinkerton*?
4. Describe *Miss Jemima*. How did she regard her sister?
5. What subjects were studied in *Miss Pinkerton's* school?
6. What kind of young lady was *Amelia Sedley*?
7. Describe *Becky Sharp's* farewell to *Miss Pinkerton*.
8. Describe the parting of *Amelia* and *Becky Sharp* from the other girls of the school.
9. How do you account for the difference in the regard held for these two girls by their associates?

SNOW-BOUND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892) was born on a farm near *Haverhill*, Massachusetts. He went to the district school in winter and worked on his father's farm in summer. In early boyhood he secured a copy of *Burns' poems*, and got his first poetic inspiration. When *Whittier* was nineteen an academy was started at *Haverhill*, and he attended two terms, supporting himself by bookkeeping and by working at the shoemaker's trade. For a

number of years after this he was engaged in newspaper writing, first in Boston, and later at Hartford and Haverhill.

In 1838 Whittier went to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. In this paper he set forth his views on the slavery question in no uncertain terms, and the printing office was mobbed and burned. He returned to Massachusetts in 1840 and settled down at Amesbury, near his birthplace, where he lived quietly for half a century. The last half of his life was spent mainly in literary work. Whittier always adhered to his early Quaker faith, and his life was marked by Quaker-like simplicity and serenity. He never married. He died at Amesbury in 1892.

"Snow-Bound" is a winter idyl. In it Whittier describes the scenes of his boyhood home in a rigorous New England winter. The picture of the old New England fireside and the descriptions of the members of the poet's household are given with a sincerity and a simplicity of language that win our sympathy and make us feel that we are one of the family. Few poems have found a warmer place in the hearts of the American people than "Snow-Bound" has.

SNOW-BOUND

THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning¹ moon.
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent² seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,³
 Of homespun stuff⁴ could quite shut out,

1. *Waning* (wān'ing). Decreasing in size.

2. *Portent*. An omen; a sign.

3. *Stout*. Firm; thick; heavy.

4. *Homespun stuff*. In the early days of New England practically all the cloth was spun and woven in the homes.

A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,¹
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east;² we heard the roar
Of Ocean³ on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls,⁴ and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows⁵
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet⁶ bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,

1. *Sharpened face.* The faces were drawn and the features were made distinct by the cold.

2. *Blew east.* Blew from the east.

3. *The roar of Ocean.* Whittier's home at Haverhill, Massachusetts, was about twelve miles from the Atlantic.

4. *Littered the stalls.* Scattered straw or hay in the stalls.

5. *Stanchion rows.* Rows of upright bars to be placed in pairs about the necks of cattle so as to confine the cattle in stalls.

6. *Crested helmet.* The poet here likens the cock's comb to the decorated head-piece worn by the knight of olden times.

As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule¹ traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,²
In starry flake, and pellicle,³
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,⁴
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;

1. *Spherule* (sfě:'ōōl). A small sphere.

2. *Nature's geometric signs*. Snowflakes are composed of tiny crystals of regular formation, usually six-pointed, star-shaped figures.

3. *Pellicle* (pěl'ī-k'l). A thin crystal.

4. *Firmament*. The heavens.

The well-curb had a Chinese roof;¹
And even the long sweep,² high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.³

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins⁴ on our feet we drew;
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,⁵
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.⁶
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.

1. *Chinese roof.* The roofs of Chinese buildings are usually pointed and the eaves have an upward curve.

2. *Sweep.* A long pole, weighted at one end and supporting a bucket at the other, used in drawing water from a well.

3. *Pisa's leaning miracle* (pē'zà). A bell-tower in the city of Pisa, Italy, which leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular in a height of one hundred seventy-nine feet.

4. *Buskins.* High shoes, strapped or laced to the ankle and reaching half way to the knee.

5. *Aladdin's wondrous cave.* Aladdin is the hero of the "Arabian Nights." He was induced by a magician to enter an enchanted cave.

6. *Lamp's supernal powers.* In the cave Aladdin secured a lamp by means of which he was enabled to perform many wonderful feats.

The old horse thrust his long head out,
 And grave with wonder gazed about;
 The cock his lusty greeting said,
 And forth his speckled harem¹ led;
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
 And mild reproach of hunger looked;²
 The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
 Like Egypt's Amun³ roused from sleep,
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
 The loosening drift its breath before;
 Low circling round its southern zone,⁴
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
 No church-bell lent its Christian tone
 To the savage air, no social smoke
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
 A solitude made more intense
 By dreary-voicèd elements,⁵
 The shrieking of the mindless⁶ wind,
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
 And on the glass the unmeaning beat
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
 Beyond the circle of our hearth
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth

1. *Speckled harem.* The hens of the barnyard.

2. *Mild reproach of hunger looked.* The cattle seemed to show their hunger by reproachful looks.

3. *Egypt's Amun.* An Egyptian deity or god, generally represented as a ram.

4. *Low circling round its southern zone.* The poet refers to the position of the sun's path in the heavens in winter.

5. *Dreary-voicèd elements.* The elements of the weather, such as snow, wind, sleet.

6. *Mindless.* Unmindful; unfeeling.

Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded¹ that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick² laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame³
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree

1. *Minded.* Noticed.

2. *Back-stick;* . . . *forestick.* In the large old-fashioned fireplace two logs were used. One, the back-stick, was placed against the wall of the chimney, and the other, the forestick, was placed in front near the upright guards of the andirons. The space between was kept filled with smaller sticks and brush.

3. *Radiant with a mimic flame.* Glowing with a reflected flame.

Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane¹ and pendent trammels² showed,
The 'Turks' heads³ on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
Shown at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,⁴
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine⁵
Took shadow, or the sombre⁶ green
Of hemlocks⁷ turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarmed light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,

1. *Crane*. An iron rod projecting from the side of the fireplace and used for supporting pots and kettles over the fire.

2. *Pendent trammels*. Swinging iron hooks attached to the crane.

3. *Turks' heads*. Ornamental figures on the upright guards of the andirons.

4. *Transfigured in the silver flood*. Entirely changed in appearance in the flood of moonlight.

5. *Sharp ravine*. Narrow valley.

6. *Sombre*. Dark; gloomy.

7. *Hemlocks*. The hemlock spruce, a well known tree of the pine family.

Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled¹ rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette² on the wall
A couchant³ tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,⁴
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—

1. *Baffled*. Defeated; foiled.

2. *Silhouette* (sil'ōō-ët'). The figure formed by a shadow.

3. *Couchant* (kouch'änt). Crouching; ready to spring.

4. *Meet*. Fitting.

The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!¹
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles² play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,

1. *Cypress-trees.* The cypress-tree has always been an emblem of death and mourning. Ancient peoples used branches of cypress at funerals.

2. *Mournful marbles.* Tombstones.

Or stammered from our school-book lore¹
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."²
 How often since, when all the land
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
 As if a far-blown trumpet stirred
 The languorous³ sin-sick air, I heard:
*"Does not the voice of reason cry,
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,
 From the red scourge of bondage fly,
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"*
 Our father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's wooded side;⁴
 Sat down again to moose and samp⁵
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
 Lived o'er the old idyllic⁶ ease
 Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;⁷
 Again for him the moonlight shone
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone;⁸
 Again he heard the violin play
 Which led the village dance away.

1. *Lore.* Learning; knowledge.

2. "*The Chief of Gambia's golden shore.*" Gambia is a British colony in western Africa, situated near the mouth of the River Gambia. This line and the four lines quoted below are taken from "*The African Chief*," a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, which was in one of the schoolbooks when Whittier was a boy.

3. *Languorous* (lăn'gěr-ŭs). Listless; lifeless.

4. *Memphremagog's wooded side.* The woods on the sides of Lake Memphremagog, a lake thirty-five miles long and from two to five miles wide, on the border between Vermont and Canada.

5. *Samp.* A porridge made from Indian corn meal.

6. *Idyllic.* Having a rural or pastoral quality.

7. *St. François' hemlock-trees* (frăn-swă'). The hemlock-trees along the St. François River, the outlet of Lake Memphremagog, flowing into the St. Lawrence River.

8. *Norman cap and bodiced zone.* The poet refers to the dress of the Canadian peasant maidens.

And mingled in its merry whirl
 The grandam¹ and the laughing girl.
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led
 Where Salisbury's level marshes² spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;³
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
 The low green prairies of the sea.
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,⁴
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals⁵
 The hake-broil⁶ on the drift-wood coals;
 The chowder⁷ on the sand-beach made,
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
 We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
 And dream and sign and marvel told
 To sleepy listeners as they lay
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,⁸
 Adrift along the winding shores,
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow
 The square sail of the gundalow⁹
 And idle lay the useless oars.

1. *Grandam*. An old woman, especially a grandmother.

2. *Salisbury's level marshes* (sôlz'bēr-ī). The marshes along the Merrimac River, near Salisbury, Massachusetts, a short distance from Whittier's home.

3. *As flies the laden bee*. The bee when laden with honey flies in a direct line to the hive.

4. *Boar's Head*. Great Boar's Head and Little Boar's Head are headlands on the seacoast south of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

5. *Isles of Shoals*. A group of small islands in the Atlantic a short distance from Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

6. *Hake-broil*. The hake is a fish similar to the codfish.

7. *Chowder*. A dish made of fresh fish or clams and biscuits, stewed together with vegetables.

8. *Salted hay*. Hay cut on the salt marshes near the sea.

9. *Gundalow*. A large flat-bottomed boat used on the rivers of New England.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheco town,¹
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways,)
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,²
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,³
The loon's weird laughter⁴ far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,

1. *Cocheco town* (kō-chē'kō). An early name for Dover, New Hampshire. A noted Indian massacre occurred here during King William's War in 1689.

2. *The gray wizard's conjuring-book*. The "gray wizard" was an old man named Bantam. His "conjuring-book" was a copy of Cornelius Agrippa's "Magic."

3. *Piscataqua* (pīs-kăt'ā-kwā). A river forming part of the boundary between New Hampshire and Maine.

4. *Loon's weird laughter*. The loon is a northern web-footed water bird whose note sounds like a wild, unearthly laugh.

Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,¹
And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply,² with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewel's ancient tome,³
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,⁴
Or Chalkley's Journal,⁵ old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers,⁶ rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt⁷ and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,⁸
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,

1. *The ducks' black squadron anchored lay.* The flock of ducks, resting quietly on the water, suggested to the poet a fleet of vessels at anchor.

2. *Haply.* Perhaps.

3. *Sewel's ancient tome.* A volume of William Sewel's "History of the Quakers."

4. *Martyrdom.* The suffering of death for one's religion.

5. *Chalkley's Journal.* Thomas Chalkley was a traveling preacher. His journal, published in 1747, told of his many wonderful experiences.

6. *Skippers.* A skipper is the master of a small fishing vessel. The word is often applied to the master of any sailing vessel.

7. *Water-butt.* A large open cask for holding water.

8. *Casting lots for life or death.* The people on board the ship had considered drawing lots to determine which of their number should be killed as food for the others.

A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise¹ flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."²

Our uncle, innocent of³ books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.⁴
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,⁵
By many an occult⁶ hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded⁷ keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius⁸ of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,

1. *School of porpoise* (pôr'püss). The dolphin is usually called "porpoise" by the sailors. It is a sea animal of the whale family, that feeds on fish, swims in large schools or groups, and is fond of following and playing about vessels.

2. *By Him . . . the child of Abraham*. See Genesis xxii, 13.

3. *Innocent of*. Unacquainted with.

4. *Lyceum*. A place of learning.

5. *Divine*. Foretell.

6. *Occult*. Hidden; mysterious.

7. *Cunning-warded*. Craftily guarded.

8. *Apollonius* (ăp'ō-lō'nĭ-ūs). A Greek philosopher of the first century A. D., who is said to have had the power of talking with birds and animals.

Or Hermes,¹ who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus² said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,³—
He told how teal⁴ and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark⁵ overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

1. *Hermes* (hûr'mēz). A priest and philosopher of Egypt.

2. *Nilus*. The Nile River.

3. *White of Selborne's loving view*. Gilbert White, an English clergyman, wrote the "Natural History of Selborne," which describes what he saw in his own parish of Selborne, which included the Surrey hills.

4. *Teal*. A small, short-necked river duck.

5. *Shagbark*. A rough-barked hickory tree.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,¹
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp² of circumstance
A golden woof-thread³ of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.⁴
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

1. *The huskings and the apple-bees.* Gatherings of neighbors and friends; the first for husking corn, the second for paring apples. Both were times of great merrymaking.

2. *Warp.* The threads that run lengthwise in cloth.

3. *Woof-thread.* The thread that runs crosswise in cloth.

4. *Unprofaned . . . fancies of the heart.* She kept to herself as sacred her girlhood hopes.

There, too, our elder sister¹ plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
 How many a poor one's blessing went
 With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat²
Our youngest³ and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
 Now bathed in the unfading green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?

1. *Our elder sister.* Mary Whittier, who died in 1860.

2. *Motley-braided mat.* A mat or rug of many colors.

3. *Our youngest.* The poet's sister Elizabeth, who died in 1864. She was eight years younger than the poet, but they were constant companions. "Snow-Bound" was written shortly after her death.

With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell¹ bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;

1. *Harebell*. A slender plant with blue flowers.

And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school¹
Held at the fire his favored place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.²
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence³ scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown⁴
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,

1. *Master of the district school.* This was George Haskell, a young student of Dartmouth College.

2. *Dartmouth's college halls.* Dartmouth, one of the early American colleges. It is situated at Hanover, New Hampshire.

3. *Subsistence.* Means of support.

4. *Could doff at ease his scholar's gown.* He could lay aside his work as student and teacher.

The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic-party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling-plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends¹ rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds²
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Arachthus³ took
The guise⁴ of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus⁵ at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took⁶
In trained thought and lore of book.

1. *Classic legends.* Stories based on the myths of the Greeks and Romans.

2. *The odds.* The difference.

3. *Pindus-born Arachthus* (ă-răk'thŭs). The Arachthus River, which rises in the Pindus Mountains.

4. *Guise.* Appearance.

5. *Dread Olympus.* Mount Olympus was venerated by the Greeks because it was the home of the gods.

6. *Hostage from the future took.* Made secure his future success.

Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,¹
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured² Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,³
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine,⁴ wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate⁵ nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

1. *War's bloody trail.* "Snow-Bound" was written just after the close of the Civil War.

2. *Nurtured.* Fostered; nourished.

3. *The cruel lie of caste refute.* Prove false the idea that certain classes of people are better than others.

4. *Blind routine.* Dull, unprogressive methods of work.

5. *Radiate.* Radiating; passing out in all directions from a central point.

Another guest¹ that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like,² treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe³ limbs and dropped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical,⁴ intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen⁵ and the devotee,⁶

1. *Another guest.* This was Miss Harriet Livermore, a daughter of a New Hampshire judge. She was a woman of brilliant mind, but was fanatical in her ideas. She believed the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and traveled over Europe and Palestine preaching her belief.

2. *Pard-like.* Like a leopard.

3. *Lithe* (lith). Flexible; pliant.

4. *Tropical.* Emotional; high-strung.

5. *Vixen.* A scolding, quarrelsome woman.

6. *Devotee* (děv'ō-tē'). A religious fanatic.

Revealing with each freak or feint
 The temper of Petruchio's Kate,¹
 The raptures of Siena's saint.²
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile³ power to form a fist;
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
 Brows saintly calm and lips devout
 Knew every change of scowl and pout;
 And the sweet voice had notes more high
 And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
 What convent-gate has held its lock
 Against the challenge of her knock!
 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,⁴
 Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,⁵
 Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
 Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
 Or startling on her desert throne
 The crazy Queen of Lebanon⁶
 With claims fantastic as her own,

1. *Petruchio's Kate*. The ill-tempered wife in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," who is cured of her bad disposition by the harsh treatment given her by her husband.

2. *Siena's saint*. Saint Catherine of Siena, who was subject to swoonings and visions.

3. *Facile* (fās'īl). Ready; quick.

4. *Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares* (smūr'nà). Smyrna, in Asia Minor, was one of the most important commercial centers of the East. At the time "Snow-Bound" was written scourges of cholera were common in eastern cities.

5. *Malta's rocky stairs*. A reference to the hilly surface of the Island of Malta.

6. *Crazy Queen of Lebanon*. Lady Stanhope, an English gentlewoman, who awaited Christ's second coming on Mount Lebanon.

Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and fresh,
 The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
 The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters¹ spun,
 Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
 And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
 A life-long discord and annoy,²
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;

1. *Fatal sisters*. In Greek mythology, the three sisters, goddesses of fate. Clotho spun the thread of life, Lachesis drew out the thread, and Atropos cut it off.

2. *Annoy*. A feeling of discomfort and vexation.

But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language¹ is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch² that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

1. *The language.* The race.

2. *Bull's-eye watch.* A thick old-fashioned watch.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards¹ tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
 From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade²

1. *Clapboards*. Long narrow boards formerly used for roofing houses.

2. *Cavalcade* (kāv'ăl-kād'). A procession of vehicles.

O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never-lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor¹ went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic² way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?³

1. *Wise old Doctor.* Doctor Weld of Haverhill.

2. *Autocratic.* Despotic; in the manner of one with great authority.

3. *Mail of Calvin's creed.* The stern, austere manner acquired from the religious teachings of John Calvin.

All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,¹
A stranger to the heathen Nine,²
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length³ unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.

1. *Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse.* Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker, wrote a long, wearisome poem on the life of David of Israel. Because of the tiresomeness of the poem Whittier speaks of his inspiration, or Muse, as being "meek, drab-skirted."

2. *Heathen Nine.* The nine Greek goddesses, who were patrons of poetry and art.

3. *In panoramic length.* Like a continuous scene that passes before one.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,¹
 And Daft McGregor² on his raids
 In Costa Rica's everglades.
 And up Taygetos³ winding slow
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,⁴
 A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
 Welcome to us its week-old news,
 Its corner for the rustic Muse,
 Its monthly gauge⁵ of snow and rain,
 Its record, mingling in a breath
 The wedding bell and dirge of death:
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
 The latest culprit sent to jail;
 Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
 Its vendue⁶ sales and goods at cost,
 And traffic calling loud for gain.
 We felt the stir of hall and street,
 The pulse of life that round us beat;
 The chill embargo of the snow⁷
 Was melted in the genial glow;
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
 And all the world was ours once more!

1. *Passed the painted Creeks.* This is a reference to the removal of the Creek Indians from their lands in Georgia to lands beyond the Mississippi.

2. *Daft McGregor.* Sir Gregor McGregor, a Scotch adventurer, vainly tried to colonize a part of the coast of Costa Rica in 1822.

3. *Taygetos* (tā-gē'tōs). A mountain in the northern part of Greece.

4. *Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks* (ip'si-lăn'tīz mī'nōt). In the struggle for freedom against the Turks, Ypsilanti, a patriot leader of Greece, organized the cavalry of his army in the district of Maina.

5. *Gauge* (gāj). Record.

6. *Vendue.* Public sales; auctions.

7. *Embargo of the snow.* An embargo is an order of a government prohibiting ships from leaving port. Here the snow had shut the people in their homes.

Clasp, Angel of the backward look¹
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest² old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs³ of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees⁴
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths⁵ underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,⁶
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloë⁷ flowers to-day!

1. *The backward look.* Memory.

2. *Palimpsest* (păl'imp-sĕst). A parchment which has been used two or three times, the earlier writings having been erased.

3. *Monographs.* Short writings; records.

4. *Vistaed trees.* Trees growing so that their branches touch each other, making a clear space in the shape of a pointed arch.

5. *Amaranths.* Imaginary flowers supposed never to fade.

6. *The restless sands' incessant fall.* The continuous fall of the sands in the hour-glass.

7. *Century's aloë.* The American aloë is the century plant, so called because it was formerly supposed to blossom only once in a century.

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
 Some Truce of God¹ which breaks its strife,
 The worldling's eyes² shall gather dew,

Dreaming in throngful city ways
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
 And dear and early friends—the few
 Who yet remain—shall pause to view

These Flemish pictures³ of old days;
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
 And stretch the hands of memory forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
 And thanks untraced to lips unknown
 Shall greet me like the odors blown
 From unseen meadows newly mown,
 Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
 The traveller owns the grateful sense
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
 The benediction of the air.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: waning, rhythm, stanchion, crested helmet, querulous, whirl-dance, spherule, geometric, meteor, universe, decisive, summons, dazzling crystal, supernal, dreary-voiced, minded, chimney-back, curious, frost-line, straddling, conscious, sin-sick, bondage, bodiced, hale, swaths, conjuring-book, quaint, innocent, lyceum, occult, interpreted, guileless, magnified, partridge, hermit, grizzled, atmosphere, romance, genial, mirage,

1. *Truce of God.* In order to lessen the shedding of blood in the medieval wars, the church in 1040 issued an order by which the lords were forbidden to do any fighting from sunset on Wednesday until sunrise on Monday, also during Lent and on the principal feast days.

2. *The worldling's eyes.* The eyes of the man whose life is taken up with affairs of the world.

3. *Flemish pictures.* Flemish pictures are famous for their portrayal of home life.

plied, impulsive, violet-sprinkled, immortality, wielder, classic, doff, versions, commonplace, guise, huckleberry, assail, squalid sloth, prison-torture, routine, radiate, nerve-lines, intelligence, un-resentful, honeyed, presaging, cathedral town, convent-gate, fantastic, ancestral, perversities, metes and bounds, debatable assurances, mutely warning, tost, teamsters, clogged ravine, winter weighed, recruit, subtlest, compliments, missive, floundering, panoramic, gauge, anecdote, smile-illumed, clamorous.

2. Explain, "darkly circled."
3. Explain, "It sank from sight before it set."
4. Describe the cold of "that brief December day."
5. What preparation for the cold was made about the barn?
6. Describe the snow-storm. How long did it continue?
7. Describe the appearance of things on the second morning.
8. How did "the prisoned brutes" greet the boys?
9. What kind of day was the one following the snow-storm?
10. Explain how the fire was made in the fireplace.
11. Describe the hill-range in the moonlight.
12. Explain "clean-winged hearth."
13. Describe the scene about the fireplace.
14. Explain, "The stars shine through his cypress-trees."
15. Explain, "That Life is ever lord of Death, and Love can never lose its own."
16. How did the members of the poet's household spend the time in the long winter evenings?
17. Explain, "when all the land was clay in Slavery's shaping hand."
18. Of what things did the father tell as they sat about the fireplace?
19. What did the mother do during these evenings? Of what did she tell?
20. Tell the story of Chalkley.
21. Explain, "Nature's unhoused lyceum."
22. How do you account for the uncle's keen insight into nature?
23. Of what did the aunt tell?
24. What kind of woman was the elder sister?
25. What consolation did the poet feel regarding his younger sister?
26. Describe the teacher of the district school. Of what did he tell?
27. Explain, "Freedom's young apostles." What work did Whittier see before them?

28. Who was the "not unfeared, half-welcome guest"? What kind of woman was she? What peculiar belief did she hold?
 29. Explain, "plague-hushed thoroughfares."
 30. Locate Smyrna; Malta; Lebanon.
 31. Of what did the mother's prayer consist?
 32. Tell how the roads were opened through the snow.
 33. Give your impression of "the wise old Doctor."
 34. What did the members of the household do to pass the time?
 35. What kind of poet was Ellwood?
 36. Explain, "Lo! broadening outward as we read, to warmer zones the horizon spread."
 37. Of what did they read in the village paper?
 38. Explain, "Wide swung again our ice-locked door, and all the world was ours once more."
 39. What happiness does the poet look forward to in his old age?
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THE HONEST DUTCHMEN

WILLIAM HOWITT (1792-1879) was born at Heanor, England. From 1802 to 1806 he attended the Friends' Public School at Ackworth, Yorkshire. He began writing when a child, his first volume of verses being published when he was thirteen.

In 1821 Howitt married Mary Botham. In the same year they conjointly produced a volume of poems entitled "The Forest Minstrel." In 1840 they visited Germany, where they lived for the next three years. They published "Student Life in Germany" in 1841, and "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany" in 1842. These works were translated into the German and were received with much favor by the German people. In 1852, Howitt, accompanied by his two sons, traveled in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. In 1870 he settled in Rome, where he resided until his death in 1879.

"The Honest Dutchmen" tells how the people of Holland secured land for their congested population by "invading the sea."

THE HONEST DUTCHMEN

It came to pass, in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened¹ in their habitations; for who knows not that they were, from the first, a sober,

1. *Straitened*. Crowded.

hardy, and industrious race, tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility?¹ And therefore they lived to a good old age, and "sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced"; so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders. And they looked this way and that way, and they said, "What shall we do? for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room." So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council, to consider what they must do. And, behold, there arose amongst them a man unlike the men of the land; for they were short, and broad, and well formed in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand, and a fierce eye; his clothes had a wild look; he had a sword by his side, a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughter.

With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said: "Fellow-citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at home, and know nothing of the world; but I and my followers have pursued the deer and the boar far away into the forests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods; and enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy and jollity. Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fold? We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is a good land. There are corn and wine; there are cities, towns, and villages ready built to our hands. Let us arise and come suddenly upon them, and we shall not only get all

1. *In humility.* With humbleness of spirit.

these possessions, but we shall get great glory." And when he had so said, he looked round him with much exultation, and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him cried out: "Ay, it is true! Let us arise and get great glory!"

But at that word, there stood up Mynheer Kindermann, an old man—a very old man. He was of low stature, of a stout, broad frame, and his hair, which was very white, hung down upon his shoulders; and his beard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverently upon his breast. That old man had a large and tranquil countenance; his features were bold, and of a very healthful complexion; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his forehead was bold and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used only to behold his children and his children's children at their play, or to fix them on the loving form of his wife or his friend.

As he arose, there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a low tone, the word "*glory*," but those afar off only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud: "My brethren! I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory; but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughter calls you? In my youth, as some of you well know, I traveled far and wide with my merchandise; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people; but what of that? It is not people that we lack; it is land; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yet do those people no wrong! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably get beaten, like thieves

and robbers, for our pains; and is that glory? But if we are able to take that land, we must first kill or drive out those that cultivate it, and make it fit to live in; and is that glory?

“And if we take those cities, and towns, and villages, we must kill those who built them, or have lived pleasantly in them, with God’s blessing. Oh, what honest, inoffensive men, what good, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes, we must murder and destroy, or drive away from their warm homes, which God has given them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal forests, to perish with cold and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in their anguish, to curse us before the Great Father who made us all! My brethren, I cannot think that is glory, but great disgrace and infamy,¹ and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us. I have long looked about me, and I see that Heaven has given all those countries round us to whom He would, and they are full of people; they are full of rich fields and vineyards; they are full of towns for men, and temples for God; they are full of warm, bright, happy homes where there are proud fathers, and glad mothers, and innocent children, as amongst ourselves; and cursed be he who would disturb or injure them.

“But, my brethren, how shall we get glory? and, what is of more immediate necessity,² how shall we get land to live in? I have been thinking of this, and it has come into my mind that it has been too long the custom for men to call themselves warriors when they desire to be murderers, and to invade the property and the lives of their neigh-

1. *Infamy*. Evil reputation; public dishonor.

2. *Of more immediate necessity*. Of more pressing need.

bors; and I have thought, as all the land is taken up, and as we cannot, without great sin, invade the land, *that we had better invade the sea*, where we can take, and wrong no man. And who does not know, that has looked toward the sea, that there is much ground which seems properly to belong neither to the sea nor the land? Sometimes it is covered with the waters, and sometimes it is partly bare—a dreary, slimy, and profitless region, inhabited only by voracious¹ crabs that make war upon one another—the stronger upon the weaker—and sea fowl, which come in like conquerors and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughter calls ‘great glory.’ My brethren, let us invade the sea—let us get piles, and beams, and stones, and dig up the earth, and make a large mound which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough and to spare.”

As he finished his speech there arose a deep murmur, that grew and grew, till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and at length became like the sound of the ocean itself; and then the people cried out, “Yes, we will invade the sea!” and so it was decreed.

Then began they with axes to fell wood; with levers and mattocks² to wrench up stones; and with wagons, horses, and oxen, to draw them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gone down very far, they began to dig up the earth, and to make a mighty bank. So, when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers; but it took no notice thereof. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed out the bank still farther, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge

1. *Voracious*. Greedy in eating; ravenous.

2. *Mattocks*. Instruments for digging and grubbing. The head of the mattock has two blades, one broad and the other pointed.

stones, and it began to wonder. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed the bank still farther, so that, in great amaze,¹ it said within itself: "What are these little, insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot² not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their bank, and sweep both it and them away together."

But at length, as it came up once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched across from land to land, and the sea was entirely shut out. Then it was filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amazing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the progress of itself—the mighty sea, which stretched round the whole world, and was the greatest moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder.

In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whole length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm of bees. Marvelous was it to see how that throng of little creatures was all astir, running here, and running there, stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, roaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams,³ till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, "Surely the dike⁴ will fall!" Then came the sea, swelling and raging more dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind,

1. *Amaze*. Amazement; wonder.

2. *Wot*. Know.

3. *Battering-rams*. Engines used in ancient times to batter down the walls of besieged towns.

4. *Dike*. A bank thrown up to prevent water from overflowing; a levee.

it thundered against the bank and burst it! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places, and many men perished.

Then went Van Manslaughter among the people with great joy and many loud words, saying: "See what has come of despising my counsel! See what glory your old counselor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave this bog to be peopled with fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honorable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world."

Then began the people to be very sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kindermann called them again to him, and bade them be of good heart, and to repair the bank; to make it stronger, and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took courage and did so; for they said, "Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder." Therefore they renewed the bank; and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before; but it was all in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people, seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, "The dike will stand!"

Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to build towns, and to lay out gardens; and it became a beautiful country. Then the inhabitants rejoiced, saying: "Others have invaded lands, and killed people; but we have hurt no man. We have only invaded the sea, and Heaven has made us out of it a goodly heritage!"

These are the people whose wealth and industry are known through the whole world. They have sent out colonies to the ends of the earth, and have got themselves the

name of the Honest Dutchmen. Would that they had always been as wise and merciful as they were on that day!

—WILLIAM HOWITT.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: straitened, habitations, brimful, council, peaceable garments, hairy aspect, marvel, prey, jollity, stature, tranquil, pleasant, fireside expression, merchandise, sojourned, anguish, voracious, piles, decreed, to fell wood, amaze, insignificant creatures, wot, presumed, crevices, despising my counsel, new-fangled schemes, tenfold wrath.

2. In what difficulty did the men of Holland find themselves?

3. How did Mynheer Van Manslaughter differ in appearance from the other men of the council called to consider this difficulty?

4. What plan did Van Manslaughter propose for securing more land?

5. What was Van Manslaughter's idea of "glory"?

6. Describe Mynheer Kindermann.

7. What objection to Mynheer Van Manslaughter's plan did he set forth?

8. What was Mynheer Kindermann's plan for securing more land?

9. Describe the land that Mynheer Kindermann proposed to reclaim. How did he propose to reclaim it?

10. Explain how the land was reclaimed.

11. Tell how the sea won the first victory. What did Van Manslaughter have to say about it?

12. Explain how the sea was finally conquered.

13. What was the result of the invasion of the sea?

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889) was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London. His early schooling was irregular and brief, being conducted by his father and by private instructors. He began to write verse early in life. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, whose reputation as a poet was at that time greater than his. They lived in Italy until her death in 1861. The remaining years of Browning's life were spent in London and in Italy. He died in Italy, but he lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

Browning's first work, a dramatic poem, "Pauline," was published

in 1833. "Pippa Passes," one of the best of his longer poems, was published in 1846. His masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book," appeared in 1868 and firmly established him as one of the great English poets.

In "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" Browning has retold an old legend in a very interesting and a delightfully humorous style. The poem was addressed to Willy McCready, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, with whom Browning had some unsatisfactory dealings. The story is told, however, for children.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

(WRITTEN FOR, AND INSCRIBED TO, W. M. THE YOUNGER)

I

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,¹
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser,² deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,³
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

1. *Brunswick*. A state or province in Germany.

2. *Weser* (*vā'zēr*). A river in Germany flowing into the North Sea.

3. *Sprats*. Small European herring.

And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
“’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s a noddy;¹
And as for our Corporation²—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts³ that can’t or won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you’re old and obese,⁴
To find in the furry civic robe⁵ ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!”⁶
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
“For a guilder⁷ I’d my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!

1. *Noddy*. Simpleton; fool.

2. *Corporation*. Those persons having charge of the government of the town or city.

3. *Dolts*. Blockheads; ignoramuses.

4. *Obese* (ō-bēs’). Very fat; corpulent.

5. *Furry civic robe*. The robes of officials were frequently lined with ermine.

6. *Send you packing*. Dismiss you quickly.

7. *Guilder*. A Dutch coin worth about forty cents.

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous ¹)
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
 And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red,
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in;
 There was no guessing his kith and kin: ²
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.³
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,

1. *Glutinous* (glōō'tī-nūs). Thick and sticky.

2. *Kith and kin*. Friends and relatives.

3. *Quaint attire*. Odd dress.

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,¹
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt² and viper;
And people call me the Pied³ Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture⁴ so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor Piper as I am,
In Tartary⁵ I freed the Cham,⁶
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;

1. *Trump of Doom's tone.* The tone or sound of the trumpet of Doom's Day, or the Day of Judgment.

2. *Newt.* A small animal resembling a lizard.

3. *Pied.* Party-colored. He was called the "pied" piper because of his coat, "half of yellow and half of red."

4. *Vesture.* Clothing.

5. *Tartary.* A region of eastern Europe and Asia.

6. *Cham* (kăm). The Khan, the ruler of Tartary.

I eased in Asia the Nizam¹

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:²

And as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,³

To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,

Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;

And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,

Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

Followed the Piper for their lives.

1. *Nizam* (nê-zām'). The title of the native ruler of Haidarabad in India.

2. *Vampire-bats*. Bats supposed to suck the blood of animals.

3. *Adept* (â-děpt'). An expert.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,¹
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,²
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery³
Is breathed) called out, ‘Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!⁴
So munch on, crunch on, take you nuncheon,⁵
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!’
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,⁶
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, ‘Come, bore me!’
—I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

1. *Tripe*. A part of the stomach of a beef, used as an article of food.

2. *Train-oil-flasks*. Flasks containing whale oil.

3. *Psaltery* (sôl'tēr-ī). An ancient stringed instrument resembling the zither.

4. *Drysaltery*. A factory or storeroom for dry-salted meats.

5. *Nuncheon*. A light meal taken at noon; a luncheon.

6. *Sugar-puncheon*. A large cask for containing sugar.

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!”—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,

With a, “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;¹
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!

“Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.

So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;²

But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.³

A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

1. *Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock* (klär’ët, mō-zěl’, vān-de-gräv, hōk). Varieties of wine.

2. *Poke*. A beggar’s wallet; a small sack.

3. *Thrifty*. Frugal; careful in the expenditure of money.

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat,¹ and accept the prime²
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,³
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate⁴ a stiver!⁵
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook⁶
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald⁷
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

1. *Bagdat* (bäg-dät'). Bagdad, a city in southeast Turkey in Asia.

2. *Prime*. Best.

3. *Caliph's kitchen*. The kitchen of the caliph, the ruler of Bagdad.

4. *Bate*. Abate; withdraw.

5. *Stiver* (stī'vēr). A Dutch coin worth about two cents.

6. *Brook*. Endure.

7. *Ribald*. A low fellow; a rascal.

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling¹ at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scat-
tering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by,

—Could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from South to West,

And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.

1. *Justling*. Jostling.

“He never can cross that mighty top!
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal¹ opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can’t forget that I’m bereft²
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,³
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,

1. *Portal*. A door; a gateway.

2. *Bereft*. Deprived.

3. *Fallow deer*. A European species of deer, smaller than the red deer.

The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate¹
A text² which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye³ takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix

1. *Into many a burgher's pate.* Into the head of many a citizen.

2. *A text.* See Matthew xix, 24.

3. *Needle's eye.* At the gates of eastern cities small side entrances for foot passengers are provided. These small gates are sometimes called "needles."

The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor¹
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry² or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn:
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania³ there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous⁴ prison
Into which they were trepanned⁵
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy,⁶ let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!

1. *Tabor*. A small drum used as an accompaniment to a pipe or fife.

2. *Hostelry*. An inn; a lodging house.

3. *Transylvania*. A region in the southeastern part of Hungary.

4. *Subterraneous*. Subterranean; underground.

5. *Trepanned* (trê-pănd'). Tricked; ensnared.

6. *Willy*. Willy McCready, the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre.

And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: spied, vermin, vats, sharps and flats, Mayor, Corporation, ermine, civic robe, quaked, hap, moister, mutinous, swarthy skin, council-table, cheque, old-fangled, adept, brawny, tawny, cherished, gripe, munch, nuncheon, luncheon, methought, perked, havoc, replenish, thrifty, pottage, scorpions, enraptured, on the rack, steps addressed, opes, a lost endeavor, alien people, ascribe, outlandish, aught.

2. Locate Brunswick, Hanover, Hamelin, the River Weser.

3. What were the inconveniences the people of Hamelin suffered because of the rats?

4. What threat did the people make to the Mayor and Corporation if some remedy for the trouble was not found?

5. Describe the Pied Piper as he appeared before the Mayor and the Corporation.

6. What power did the Pied Piper claim to have? What did he claim to have done?

7. What were the conditions of the bargain between the Piper and the Mayor and Corporation?

8. Tell how the Piper led the rats out of the town.

9. How did the Piper's music affect the rats?

10. What did the people of Hamelin do to aid the Piper in freeing the town from rats?

11. What reasons did the Mayor give for not paying the Piper the thousand guilders? Describe the controversy over the payment.

12. What did the Piper do when he failed to get his pay?

13. Tell how the Piper led the children out of town.

14. What was the effect of the Piper's music on the children?

15. What attempts were made to find the Piper and the children?

16. How did the people commemorate the visit of the Pied Piper?

17. Give the tradition regarding the strange people in Transylvania.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893) was born in Boston, of Puritan parentage. On account of his delicate health he was, at the age of eight, sent to live with his grandfather, who owned a vast tract of woodland near Boston. There he began to love and to know the forest. He entered Harvard in 1840, and was graduated in 1844. In 1848 he took a trip over the Oregon Trail, living for a time with the Dakotah Indians in order that he might learn Indian life and character.

The account of this trip was published in 1849 in book form, under the title of "The California and Oregon Trail." It is our best account of travel in the unsettled Northwest.

Parkman made many trips to Canada and to Europe, searching out records and manuscripts for the notes which were to become the basis for his histories. Though he had constantly to battle with poor health and near-blindness, this painstaking effort and tireless energy made him one of the most famous and most popular of American historians.

The following selection is the adaptation from Parkman's "The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," published in "The School World," by D. H. Knowlton & Company. Minor changes have been made in the adaptation.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

I

THE CONSPIRACY

THE country was scarcely transferred to the English,¹ when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes. From the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, in every wigwam and hamlet of the forest, a deep-rooted hatred of the English increased with rapid

1. *Transferred to the English.* At the close of the French and Indian War, in 1763, France gave up to England her claim to all the territory lying east of the Mississippi River, except a small portion about New Orleans.

growth. Nor is this to be wondered at. We have seen with what sagacious¹ policy the French had labored to ingratiate themselves² with the Indians. Even the Delawares and Shawanoes,³ the faithful allies of William Penn, had at length been seduced by their blandishments;⁴ and the Iroquois,⁵ the ancient enemies of Canada, had half forgotten their former hostility, and well-nigh taken part against the British colonists. The remote nations of the west had also joined in the war, descending in their canoes for hundreds of miles, to fight against the enemies of France.

Under the circumstances, it behooved the English to use the utmost care in their conduct towards the tribes. But even when the conflict with France was impending,⁶ and the alliance with the Indians was of the last importance, they had treated them with indifference and neglect. They were not likely to adopt a different course now that their friendship seemed a matter of no consequence. In truth, the intentions of the English were soon apparent. In the zeal for retrenchment,⁷ which prevailed after the close of hostilities, the presents which it had always been customary to give the Indians, at stated intervals, were either withheld altogether, or doled out with a niggardly and reluctant hand; while, to make the matter worse, the agents and officers of government often appropriated the presents to themselves, and afterwards sold them at an

1. *Sagacious*. Wise; crafty.

2. *Ingratiate themselves*. Work themselves into favor.

3. *Shawanoes*. Better known as the Shawnees.

4. *Seduced by their blandishments*. Led astray by their flattery.

5. *Iroquois*. A group of Indian tribes, who were allied with the English in the French and Indian War.

6. *Impending*. Threatening; about to happen.

7. *Retrenchment*. The cutting down of expenses.

exorbitant¹ price to the Indians. When the French had possession of the remote forts, they were accustomed, with a wise liberality, to supply the surrounding Indians with guns, ammunition, and clothing, until the latter had forgotten the weapons and garments of their forefathers, and depended on the white men for support. The sudden withholding of these supplies was, therefore, a grievous calamity. Want, suffering, and death, were the consequences; and this cause alone would have been enough to produce general discontent. But, unhappily, other grievances were superadded.

The English fur trade had never been well regulated, and it was now in a worse condition than ever. Many of the traders, and those in their employ, were ruffians of the coarsest stamp, who vied with² each other in rapacity,³ violence, and profligacy.⁴ They cheated, cursed, and plundered the Indians, and outraged their families; offering, when compared with the French traders, who were under better regulation, a most unfavorable example of the character of their nation.

The officers and soldiers of the garrisons did their full part in exciting the general resentment. Formerly, when the warriors came to the forts, they had been welcomed by the French with attention and respect. The inconvenience which their presence occasioned had been disregarded, and their peculiarities overlooked. But now they were received with cold looks and harsh words from the officers, and with oaths, menaces, and sometimes blows, from the reckless and brutal soldiers. When, after their troublesome and intrusive⁵ fashion, they were loung-

1. *Exorbitant*. Very high; excessive.

2. *Vied with*. Tried to outdo.

3. *Rapacity*. Unjust or unlawful seizure.

4. *Profligacy*. Wastefulness; viciousness.

5. *Intrusive*. Forward; coming without invitation.

ing everywhere about the fort, or lazily reclining in the shadows of the walls, they were met with muttered ejaculations¹ of impatience, or abrupt orders to be gone, enforced, perhaps, by a touch from the butt of a sentinel's musket. These marks of contempt were unspeakably galling to their haughty spirit.

But what most contributed to the growing discontent of the tribes was the intrusion of settlers upon their lands, at all times a fruitful source of Indian hostility. Its effects, it is true, could only be felt by those whose country bordered upon the English settlements; but among these were the most powerful and influential of the tribes. The Delawares and Shawanoes, in particular, had by this time been roused to the highest pitch of exasperation.² Their best lands had been invaded and all remonstrance had been fruitless.

The fierce passions of the Indians, excited by their wrongs, real or imagined, and exasperated by the representations of the French, were yet farther wrought upon by influences of another kind. A prophet³ rose among the Delawares. The objects of his mission were not wholly political. By means of certain external observances,⁴ most of them sufficiently frivolous and absurd, his disciples were to strengthen and purify their natures, and make themselves acceptable to the Great Spirit, whose messenger he proclaimed himself to be. He also enjoined them to lay aside the weapons and clothing which they received from the white men, and return to

1. *Ejaculations*. Exclamations.

2. *Exasperation*. Irritation; anger.

3. *Prophet*. An Indian religious leader, claiming the power of prophecy.

4. *Observances*. Ceremonies; services.

the primitive life of their ancestors. By so doing, and by strictly observing his other precepts, the tribes would soon be restored to their ancient greatness and power, and be enabled to drive out the white men who infested their territory. The prophet had many followers. Indians came from far and near, and gathered together in large encampments to listen to his exhortations.

With so many causes to irritate their restless and warlike spirit, it could not be supposed that the Indians would long remain quiet. Accordingly, in the summer of the year 1761, Captain Campbell, then commanding at Detroit, received information that a deputation¹ of Senecas had come to the neighboring village of the Wyandots for the purpose of instigating² the latter to destroy him and his garrison. On further inquiry, the plot proved to be general; and Niagara, Fort Pitt,³ and other posts, were to share the fate of Detroit. Campbell instantly dispatched messengers to Sir Jeffrey Amherst,⁴ and the commanding officers of the different forts; and, by this timely discovery, the conspiracy was nipped in the bud. During the following summer, 1762, another similar design was detected and suppressed. They proved to be the precursors⁵ of a tempest. When, early in 1763, it was announced to the tribes that the King of France had ceded all their country to the King of England, without even asking their leave, a ferment of indignation at once became

1. *Deputation*. A person or group of persons chosen to act in one's behalf; a delegation.

2. *Instigating*. Inciting; influencing.

3. *Niagara, Fort Pitt*. Niagara was an English fort on Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Niagara River. Fort Pitt stood where Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, now is.

4. *Sir Jeffrey Amherst*. An English commander during the French and Indian War. In 1760 he captured Montreal and was made governor of Canada.

5. *Precursors*. Forerunners.

apparent among them; and, within a few weeks, a plot was matured such as was never, before or since, conceived or executed by a North American Indian. It was determined to attack all the English forts upon the same day; then, having destroyed their garrisons, to turn upon the defenceless frontier, and ravage and lay waste the settlements, until, as many of the Indians fondly believed, the English should all be driven into the sea, and the country restored to its primitive owners.

It is difficult to determine which tribe was first to raise the cry of war. There were many who might have done so, for all the savages in the backwoods were ripe for an outbreak, and the movement seemed almost simultaneous.¹ The Delawares and Senecas were the most incensed,² and Kiashuta, a chief of the latter, was perhaps foremost to apply the torch; but, if this were the case, he touched fire to materials already on the point of igniting.³ It belonged to a greater chief than he to give method and order to what would else have been a wild burst of fury, and convert desultory⁴ attacks into a formidable and protracted war. But for Pontiac, the whole might have ended in a few troublesome inroads upon the frontier and a little whooping and yelling under the walls of Fort Pitt.

Pontiac was principal chief of the Ottawas. The Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies, had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which he was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic,⁵ and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among

1. *Simultaneous* (sī-mŭl-tā'nē-ŭs). Occurring at the same time.

2. *Incensed*. Wrought up; maddened.

3. *Igniting*. Bursting into flame.

4. *Desultory*. Fitful; unorganized.

5. *Despotic*. Tyrannical; arbitrary.

all the nations of the Illinois country; while from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and, indeed, to the farthest boundaries of the widespread Algonquian race,¹ his name was known and respected.

Until Major Rogers² came into the country, Pontiac had been, from motives probably both of interest and inclination, a firm friend of the French. Not long before the French war broke out, he had saved the garrison of Detroit from the imminent peril of an attack from some of the discontented tribes of the north. During the war, he had fought on the side of France.

When the tide of affairs changed, the subtle and ambitious chief trimmed his bark to the current, and gave the hand of friendship to the English. That he was disappointed in their treatment of him, and in all the hopes that he had formed from their alliance, is sufficiently evident from one of his speeches. A new light soon began to dawn upon his untaught but powerful mind, and he saw the altered posture³ of affairs under its true aspect.

Revolving these thoughts, and remembering that his own ambitious views might be advanced by the hostilities he meditated,⁴ Pontiac no longer hesitated. Revenge, ambition, and patriotism wrought upon him alike, and he resolved on war. At the close of the year 1762, he sent ambassadors to the different nations. They visited the country of the Ohio and its tributaries, passed northward to the region of the upper lakes, and the borders of the

1. *Algonquian race* (ăl-gŏn'kī-ăn). A family of Indian tribes formerly occupying practically all of the eastern portion of North America south of Hudson Bay and north of Tennessee and Virginia.

2. *Major Rogers*. Robert Rogers, an American author and soldier, who organized a company of soldiers during the French and Indian War, known as Rogers' Rangers.

3. *Altered posture*. Changed position.

4. *Meditated*. Considered; intended.

River Ottawa; and far southward towards the mouth of the Mississippi. Bearing with them the war-belt of wampum, broad and long, as the importance of the message demanded, and the tomahawk stained red, in token of war, they went from camp to camp, and village to village. Wherever they appeared, the sachems and old men assembled, to hear the words of the great Pontiac. Then the chief of the embassy¹ flung down the tomahawk on the ground before them, and, holding the war-belt in his hand, delivered, with vehement gesture, word for word, the speech with which he was charged. It was heard everywhere with approval; the belt was accepted, the hatchet snatched up, and the assembled chiefs stood pledged to take part in the war. The blow was to be struck at a certain time in the month of May following, to be indicated by the changes of the moon. The tribes were to rise together, each destroying the English garrison in its neighborhood, and then, with a general rush, the whole were to turn against the settlements of the frontier.

The tribes, thus banded together against the English, comprised, with a few unimportant exceptions, the whole Algonquian stock, to whom were united the Wyandots, the Senecas, and several tribes of the lower Mississippi. The Senecas were the only members of the Iroquois confederacy² who joined in the league, the rest being kept quiet by the influence of Sir William Johnson,³ whose utmost exertions, however, were barely sufficient to allay their irritation.

1. *Embassy*. A person or group of persons sent as ambassadors.

2. *The Iroquois confederacy*. The original tribes of the Iroquois confederacy were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. Later the Tuscaroras were admitted.

3. *Sir William Johnson*. An Englishman who was instrumental in keeping the Iroquois allied with the English during the French and Indian War.

II

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

To begin the war was reserved by Pontiac as his own peculiar privilege. With the first opening of spring his preparations were complete. His light-footed messengers, with their wampum belts and gifts of tobacco, visited many a lonely hunting camp in the gloom of the northern woods, and called chiefs and warriors to attend the general meeting. The appointed spot was on the banks of the little River Ecorces, not far from Detroit. Thither went Pontiac himself, with his squaws and his children. Band after band came straggling in from every side, until the meadow was thickly dotted with their frail wigwams. Here were idle warriors smoking and laughing in groups, or beguiling the lazy hours with gambling, feasting, or doubtful stories of their own martial exploits.¹ Here were youthful gallants, bedizened² with all the foppery of beads, feathers, and hawk's bells,³ but held as yet in light esteem, since they had slain no enemy, and taken no scalp. Here too were young damsels, radiant with bears' oil, ruddy with vermilion,⁴ and versed in all the arts of forest coquetry; shriveled hags, with limbs of wire, and the voices of screech-owls; and troops of naked children, with small, black, mischievous eyes, roaming along the outskirts of the woods.

The council took place on the twenty-seventh of April. On that morning, several old men, the heralds of the

1. *Martial exploits.* Deeds of warfare.

2. *Bedizened* (bē-dīz''nd). Gaudily decorated.

3. *Hawk's bells.* Small round bells intended to be fastened to the leg of the falcon, or European game hawk. They were of trifling cost, and were often used by early settlers in America in trading with the Indians.

4. *Vermilion.* A bright red paint.

camp, passed to and fro among the lodges, calling the warriors, in a loud voice, to attend the meeting.

In accordance with the summons, they issued from their cabins: the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggins garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the ferocious passions hidden beneath that immovable mask. Pipes with ornamented stems were lighted, and passed from hand to hand.

Then Pontiac rose, and walked forward into the midst of the council. According to Canadian tradition, he was not above the middle height, though his muscular figure was cast in a mould of remarkable symmetry and vigor. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression; while his habitual bearing was imperious¹ and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his impetuous will. His ordinary attire was that of the primitive savage, —a scanty cincture² girt about his loins, and his long, black hair flowing loosely at his back; but on occasions like this he was wont³ to appear as befitted his power and character, and he stood, doubtless, before the council plumed and painted in the full costume of war.

Looking round upon his wild auditors he began to

1. *Imperious* (im-pē'ri-ūs). Lordly; majestic.

2. *Cincture* (sīŋk'tūr). A belt or girdle.

3. *Wont*. Accustomed.

speaking, with fierce gesture, and a loud, impassioned voice; and at every pause, deep, guttural ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words.

Having roused in his warlike listeners their native thirst for blood and vengeance, he next addressed himself to their superstition by telling a tale of a Delaware Indian, who was conducted into the presence of the Great Spirit, who addressed him in the following words:

"I am the Maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers, and all things else. I am the Maker of mankind; and because I love you, you must do my will. The land on which you live I have made for you, and not for others. Why do you suffer the white men to dwell among you? My children, you have forgotten the customs and traditions of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves in skins, as they did, and use the bows and arrows, and the stone-pointed lances, which they used? You have bought guns, knives, kettles, and blankets from the white men, until you can no longer do without them; and, what is worse, you have drunk the poison fire-water,¹ which turns you into fools. Fling all these things away; live as your wise forefathers lived before you. And as for these English,—these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting-grounds, and drive away the game,—you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again, and once more be happy and prosperous. The children of your great father, the King of France, are not like the English. Never forget that they are your brethren. They are very dear to me, for they love the red men, and understand the true mode of worshipping me."

Many other speeches were doubtless made in the

1. *Fire-water*. A name for whiskey, or other intoxicants, commonly attributed to the American Indians.

council, but no record of them has been preserved. All present were eager to attack the British fort; and Pontiac told them, in conclusion, that on the second of May he would gain admittance, with a party of his warriors, on pretence of dancing the calumet¹ dance before the garrison; that they would take note of the strength of the fortification; and that he would then summon another council to determine the mode of attack.

On the first of May, Pontiac came to the gate with forty men of the Ottawa tribe, and asked permission to enter and dance the calumet dance before the officers of the garrison. After some hesitation he was admitted; and proceeding to the corner of the street, where stood the house of the commandant,² Major Gladwyn, he and thirty of his warriors began their dance, each recounting his own valiant exploits, and boasting himself the bravest of mankind. The officers and men gathered around them; while, in the meantime, the remaining ten of the Ottawas strolled about the fort, observing everything it contained. When the dance was over, they all quietly withdrew, not a suspicion of their designs having arisen in the minds of the English.

After a few days had elapsed, Pontiac's messengers again passed among the Indian cabins, calling the principal chiefs to another council, in the Pottawattamie village. Here there was a large structure of bark, erected for the public use on occasions like the present. A hundred chiefs were seated around this dusky council-house, the fire in the centre shedding its fitful light upon their dark, naked forms, while the pipe passed from hand to hand. To prevent interruption, Pontiac had stationed young men

1. *Calumet* (käl'ū-mět). The pipe used by the North American Indians in their ceremonies of peace and war.

2. *Commandant* (köm'ân-dänt'). Commander.

as sentinels, near the house. He once more addressed the chiefs; inciting them to hostility against the English, and concluding by the proposal of his plan for destroying Detroit.

It was as follows: Pontiac would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance; and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While in the act of addressing the commandant in the council-room, Pontiac was to make a certain signal, upon which the chiefs were to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians, waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers; and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey.

His plan was eagerly adopted. Hoarse ejaculations of applause echoed his speech; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unsuspecting garrison.

III

DETROIT

La Mothe-Cadillac was the founder of Detroit. In the year 1701, he planted the little military colony, which time has transformed into a thriving American city. At an earlier date, some feeble efforts had been made to secure the possession of this important pass. The wandering Jesuits,¹ too, made frequent sojourns upon the borders of

1. *Wandering Jesuits.* The Jesuits were priests belonging to a religious order founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1534. Many of them came to America as missionaries during the colonial period.

the Detroit, and baptized the savage children whom they found there.

At the close of the French war, as Major Rogers tells us, the place contained twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The centre of the settlement was the fortified town, currently called the Fort, to distinguish it from the straggling dwellings along the river banks. It stood on the western margin of the river, covering a small part of the ground now occupied by the city of Detroit, and contained about a hundred houses, compactly pressed together, and surrounded by a palisade.¹ Both above and below the fort, the banks of the stream were lined on both sides with small Canadian dwellings, extending at various intervals for nearly eight miles. Each had its garden and its orchard, and each was enclosed by a fence of rounded pickets. To the soldier or the trader, fresh from the harsh scenery and ambushed perils of the surrounding wilds, the secluded settlement was welcome as an oasis in the desert.

Within the limits of the settlement were three large Indian villages. On the western shore, a little below the fort, were the lodges of the Pottawattamies; nearly opposite, on the eastern side, was the village of the Wyandots; and on the same side, five miles higher up, Pontiac's band of Ottawas had fixed their abode. The settlers had always maintained the best terms with their savage neighbors. In truth, there was much congeniality² between the red man and the Canadian.

A party of British troops took possession of Detroit towards the close of the year 1760. The British garrison, consisting partly of regulars³ and partly of provincial

1. *Palisade*. A fence made of stakes or timbers, used for defense.

2. *Congeniality* (kõn-jě'nĩ-ăl'ĩ-tĩ). Kindred feeling; sympathy.

3. *Regulars*. Members of the British standing army.

rangers,¹ was now quartered in a well-built range of barracks² within the town or fort. The latter, as already mentioned, contained about a hundred small houses. Its form was nearly square, and the palisade which surrounded it was about twenty-five feet high. At each corner was a wooden bastion,³ and a block-house⁴ was erected over each gateway. The houses were small, chiefly built of wood, and roofed with bark or a thatch of straw. The streets also were extremely narrow, though a wide passage way, known as the *chemin du ronde*,⁵ surrounded the town between the houses and the palisade. Besides the barracks, the only public buildings were a council-house and a rude little church.

The garrison consisted of a hundred and twenty soldiers, with about forty fur-traders and *engages*;⁶ but the latter, as well as the Canadian inhabitants of the place, could little be trusted, in the event of an Indian outbreak. Two small, armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn*, lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted in the bastions.

Such was Detroit,—a place whose defences could have opposed no resistance to a civilized enemy; and yet, far removed as it was from the hope of speedy succor, it could only rely, in the terrible struggles that awaited it, upon its own slight strength and feeble resources.

1. *Provincial rangers*. Troops of the American colonies or provinces.

2. *Barracks*. The building or buildings in which soldiers are garrisoned.

3. *Bastion* (bǎs'chǔn). A portion of a fortification projecting outward from the main line of the wall.

4. *Block-house*. A building made of logs and heavy timbers and provided with loopholes. The upper story often projects over the lower.

5. *Chemin du ronde* (shē-mǎn du rônd).

6. *Engages* (ǎn-gà-zhā'). Enlisted soldiers.

Pontiac was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Isle au Cochon.¹ "The king and lord of all this country," as Rogers calls him, lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small, oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt, with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, lounging half-naked on a rush mat, or a bear-skin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the turmoil of his uncurbed passions, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honorable. At one moment, his fierce heart would burn with the anticipation of vengeance on the detested English; at another, he would meditate how he best might turn the approaching tumults to the furtherance of his own ambitious schemes. Yet we may believe that Pontiac was not a stranger to the high emotion of the patriot hero, the champion not merely of his nation's rights, but of the very existence of his race. He did not dream how desperate a game he was about to play. He hourly flattered himself with the futile hope of aid from France, and thought in his ignorance that the British colonies must give way before the rush of his savage warriors; when, in truth, all the combined tribes of the forest might have chafed in vain rage against the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxon.

Gladwyn received secret information, on the night of the sixth of May, that an attempt would be made on the morrow to capture the fort by treachery. He called some of his officers and told them what he had heard. The defences of the place were feeble and extensive, and the

1. *Isle au Cochon* (ēl ō kō-shôn').

garrison by far too weak to repel a general assault. The force of the Indians at this time is variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand; and the commandant greatly feared that some wild impulse might precipitate their plan,¹ and that they would storm the fort before the morning. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

The day closed, and the hues of sunset faded. Only a dusky redness lingered in the west, and the darkening earth seemed her dull self again. Then night descended, heavy and black, on the fierce Indians and the sleepless English. From sunset till dawn, an anxious watch was kept from the slender palisades of Detroit. The soldiers were still ignorant of the danger; and the sentinels did not know why their numbers were doubled, or why, with such unwonted vigilance, their officers repeatedly visited their posts. Again and again Gladwyn mounted his wooden ramparts and looked forth into the gloom. There seemed nothing but repose and peace in the soft, moist air of the warm spring evening, with the piping of frogs along the river bank, just roused from their torpor² by the genial influence of May. But, at intervals, as the night wind swept across the bastion, it bore sounds of fearful portent³ to the ear, the sullen booming of the Indian drum and the wild chorus of quavering yells, as the warriors, around their distant camp-fires, danced the war-dance, in preparation for the morrow's work.

1. *Precipitate their plan.* Hasten the carrying out of their plan.

2. *Torpor.* Numbness; inactivity.

3. *Sounds of fearful portent.* Sounds indicating evil or disaster.

IV

PONTIAC'S TREACHERY

The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly, and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

At ten o'clock, the great war-chief, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets. Some were crested with¹ hawk, eagle, or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp-lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long, black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ochre² and vermilion, white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattlesnakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth, and horrible. For the most part they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his breast. Well might his stoicism³ fail, for at a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway, stood ranks

1. *Were crested with.* Had their heads adorned with.

2. *Ochre* (ō'kēr). A yellow paint.

3. *Stoicism* (stō'ī-sīz'm). Indifference to fate; impassiveness.

of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy *engages* of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street; and his chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.¹

Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. On entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark² that every Englishman wore a sword at his side and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. "Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak.

Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow

1. *Scrutiny.* Close observation.

2. *Remark.* Take notice.

words,¹ fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it, that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew the chief's blanket aside, exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture.

The council then broke up; but, before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

Here, and elsewhere, the conduct of Pontiac is marked with the blackest treachery; and one cannot but lament that a commanding and magnanimous nature should be stained with the odious² vice of cowards and traitors. He could govern, with almost despotic sway, a race unruly as the winds. In generous thought and deed, he rivaled the heroes of ancient story; and craft and cunning might well seem alien to a mind like his. Yet Pontiac was a thorough savage, and in him stand forth, in strongest light and shadow, the native faults and virtues of the Indian race.

1. *Hollow words*. False, deceitful words.

2. *Odious* (ō'dī-ŭs). Detestable; deserving of hatred.

Balked in his treachery, the great chief withdrew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. That Gladwyn had suffered him to escape, was to his mind an ample proof either of cowardice or ignorance. The latter supposition seemed the more probable; and he resolved to visit the English once more, and convince them, if possible, that their suspicions against him were unfounded. Early on the following morning, he repaired to the fort with three of his chiefs, bearing in his hand the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace, its bowl carved in stone and its stem adorned with feathers. Offering it to the commandant, he addressed him and his officers to the following effect: "My fathers, evil birds have sung lies in your ear. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers; and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace." At his departure, he gave the pipe to Captain Campbell, second in command, as a farther pledge of his sincerity.

Early on the following morning, Monday, the ninth of May, Pontiac, advancing from among the multitude, approached the gate. It was closed and barred against him. He shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied, that the great chief might enter, if he chose, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Pontiac rejoined, that he wished all his warriors to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet. Gladwyn's answer was more concise¹ than courteous, and imported² that he would have none of his rabble in the fort. Thus repulsed, Pontiac threw off the mask which he had worn so long. With a grin of hate and rage, he turned abruptly from the

1. *Concise.* Brief and to the point.

2. *Imported.* Signified; intimated.

gate, and strode towards his followers, who, in great multitudes, lay flat upon the ground, just beyond reach of gunshot. At his approach, they all leaped up and ran off, "yelping," in the words of an eye-witness, "like so many devils."

Looking out from the loopholes, the garrison could see them running in a body towards the house of an old English woman, who lived, with her family, on a distant part of the common. They beat down the doors, and rushed tumultuously in. A moment more, and the mournful scalp-yell told the fate of the wretched inmates. Another large body ran, yelling, to the river bank, and, leaping into their canoes, paddled with all speed to the Isle au Cochon, where dwelt an Englishman named Fisher, formerly a sergeant of the regulars. They soon dragged him from the hiding-place where he had sought refuge, murdered him on the spot, took his scalp, and made great rejoicings over this miserable trophy of brutal malice.

Pontiac had borne no part in the wolfish deeds of his followers. When he saw his plan defeated, he turned towards the shore; and no man durst approach him, for he was terrible in his rage. Pushing a canoe from the bank, he urged it with vigorous strokes, against the current, towards the Ottawa village, on the farther side. As he drew near, he shouted to the inmates. None remained in the lodges but women, children, and old men, who all came flocking out at the sound of his imperious voice. Pointing across the water, he ordered that all should prepare to move the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer interpose a barrier between his followers and the English. Then Pontiac, hideous in his war-paint, leaped into the central area of the village. Brandishing his tomahawk, and stamping on the ground, he recounted his former exploits, and denounced ven-

geance on the English. The Indians flocked about him. Warrior after warrior caught the fierce contagion, and soon the ring was filled with dancers, circling round and round with frantic gesture, and startling the distant garrison with unearthly yells.

The war-dance over, the work of embarkation was commenced, and long before morning the transfer was complete. The whole Ottawa population crossed the river, and pitched their wigwams on the western side, just above the mouth of the little stream then known as Parent's Creek, but since named Bloody Run, from the scenes of terror which it witnessed.

All was quiet till the approach of dawn. But as the first dim redness tinged the east, and fields and woods grew visible in the morning twilight, suddenly the war-whoop rose on every side at once. As wolves assail the wounded bison,¹ howling their gathering cries across the wintry prairie, so the fierce Indians, pealing their terrific yells, came bounding naked to the assault. The men hastened to their posts. And truly it was time; for not the Ottawas alone, but the whole barbarian swarm—Wyandots, Pottawattamies, and Ojibwas—were upon them, and bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades. The soldiers looked from the loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But, though their clamors filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, yet very few were visible. Some were ensconced² behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, and some lay flat in hollows of the ground; while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility³ of monkeys, to dodge the shot of the fort.

1. *Bison*. The American buffalo.

2. *Ensconced* (ĕn-skōnst'). Sheltered; protected.

3. *Agility* (ă-jīl'ĭ-tĭ). Nimbleness; activity.

Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these agile gymnastics for a moment. There was one low hill, at no great distance from the fort, behind which countless black heads of Indians alternately appeared and vanished; while all along the ridge their guns emitted incessant white puffs of smoke. Every loophole was a target for their bullets; but the fire was returned with steadiness, and not without effect. Within half gunshot of the palisade was a cluster of outbuildings, behind which a host of Indians found shelter. A cannon was brought to bear upon them, loaded with red-hot spikes. They were soon wrapped in flames, upon which the disconcerted savages broke away in a body, and ran off yelping, followed by a shout of laughter from the soldiers.

For six hours, the attack was unabated; but as the day advanced, the assailants grew weary of their futile¹ efforts. Their fire slackened, their clamors died away, and the garrison was left once more in peace, though from time to time a solitary shot, or lonely whoop, still showed the presence of some lingering savage, loath to be balked of his revenge. Among the garrison, only five men had been wounded, while the cautious enemy had suffered but trifling loss.

Gladwyn was still convinced that the whole affair was but a sudden ebullition,² which would soon subside; and being, moreover, in great want of provisions, he resolved to open negotiations with the Indians, under cover of which he might obtain the necessary supplies. The interpreter, La Butte, who, like most of his countrymen, might be said to hold a neutral position between the English and the Indians, was despatched to the camp of Pontiac to

1. *Futile* (fū'til). Vain; useless.

2. *Ebullition* (ěb'ŭ-līsh'ŭn). Outburst.

demand the reasons of his conduct, and declare that the commandant was ready to redress any real grievance of which he might complain. Two old Canadians of Detroit, Chapeton and Godefroy, earnest¹ to forward the negotiation, offered to accompany him. The gates were opened for their departure, and many other inhabitants of the place took this opportunity of leaving it, alleging as their motive, that they did not wish to see the approaching slaughter of the English.

Reaching the Indian camp, the three ambassadors were received by Pontiac with great apparent kindness. La Butte delivered his message, and the two Canadians labored to dissuade the chief, for his own good and for theirs, from pursuing his hostile purposes. Pontiac stood listening, armed with the true impenetrability of an Indian.² At every proposal, he uttered an ejaculation of assent, partly from a strange notion of courtesy peculiar to his race, and partly from the deep dissimulation³ which seems native to their blood. Yet with all this seeming acquiescence,⁴ the heart of the savage was unmoved as a rock. The Canadians were completely deceived. Leaving Chapeton and Godefroy to continue the conference and push the fancied advantage, La Butte hastened back to the fort. He reported the happy issue of his mission, and added that peace might readily be had by making the Indians a few presents, for which they are always rapaciously eager.

When, however, he returned to the Indian camp, he found, to his chagrin, that his companions had made no

1. *Earnest*. Eager.

2. *Impenetrability of an Indian* (im-pĕn'ĕ-tră-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ). The power of an Indian to keep his feelings and intentions from being discovered.

3. *Dissimulation* (dĭ-sĭm'ŭ-lă'shŭn). Deception; hypocrisy.

4. *Acquiescence* (ăk'wĭ-ĕs'ĕns). Silent consent.

progress in the negotiation. Though still professing a strong desire for peace, Pontiac had evaded every definite proposal. At La Butte's appearance, all the chiefs withdrew to consult among themselves. They returned after a short debate, and Pontiac declared that, out of their earnest desire for firm and lasting peace, they wished to hold council with their English fathers themselves. With this view, they were especially desirous that Captain Campbell, second in command, should visit their camp. This veteran officer, from his just, upright, and manly character, had gained the confidence of the Indians. To the Canadians the proposal seemed a natural one, and returning to the fort, they laid it before the commandant. Gladwyn suspected treachery, but Captain Campbell urgently asked permission to comply with the request of Pontiac. He felt, he said, no fear of the Indians, with whom he had always maintained the most friendly terms. Gladwyn, with some hesitation, acceded; and Campbell left the fort, accompanied by a junior officer, Lieutenant M'Dougal, and attended by La Butte and several other Canadians.

The real intentions of the Indians were discovered and efforts were made to prevent the British officers from going into the lion's jaws; but it was too late. When the officers approached the widespread camp of the Ottawas, a dark multitude gathered around them and raised a horrible outcry of whoops and howlings. The women seized sticks, stones, and clubs, and ran towards Campbell and his companion, as if to make them pass the cruel ordeal of running the gauntlet.¹ Pontiac came forward, and his voice allayed the tumult. He shook the officers by the

1. *Running the gauntlet.* Indians frequently made their prisoners run between rows of warriors armed with switches, clubs, or knives.

hand, and, turning, led the way through the camp. He paused before the entrance of a large lodge, and, entering, pointed to several mats placed on the ground, at the side opposite the opening. Here, obedient to his signal, the two officers sat down. Instantly the lodge was thronged with savages. At their first entrance, Pontiac had spoken a few words. Campbell from his seat addressed the Indians in a short speech. It was heard in perfect silence, and no reply was made. For a full hour the unfortunate officers saw before them the inscrutable faces,¹ bending an unwavering gaze upon them. At length, Captain Campbell, conscious, no doubt, of the danger in which he was placed, resolved fully to ascertain his true position, and, rising to his feet, declared his intention of returning to the fort. Pontiac made a sign that he should resume his seat. "My father," he said, "will sleep to-night in the lodges of his red children." The gray-haired soldier and his companion were betrayed into the hands of their enemies.

Many of the Indians were eager to kill the captives on the spot, but Pontiac would not carry his treachery so far. He protected them from injury and insult, and conducted them to a house, where good quarters were assigned them, and as much liberty allowed as was consistent with safe custody. The peril of their situation was diminished by the circumstance that two Indians, who, several days before, had been detained at the fort for some slight offence, still remained prisoners in the power of the commandant.

Late in the evening, La Butte, the interpreter, returned to the fort. His face wore a sad and downcast look, which sufficiently expressed the melancholy tidings that he brought. On hearing his account, some of the officers suspected, though probably without ground, that he was

1. *Inscrutable faces.* Faces whose expressions betray no thoughts or intentions.

privy to¹ the detention of the two ambassadors; and 'La Butte, feeling himself an object of distrust, lingered about the streets, sullen and silent, like the Indians among whom his rough life had been spent.

V

THE SIEGE OF DETROIT

On the morning after the detention of the officers, Pontiac crossed over, with several of his chiefs, to the Wyandot village. A part of this tribe, influenced by their Jesuit priest, had refused to take up arms against the English; but being now threatened with destruction if they should longer remain neutral, they were forced to join the rest. They stipulated,² however, that they should be allowed time to hear mass, before dancing the war-dance. To this condition Pontiac readily agreed.

Having secured these new allies, Pontiac prepared to resume his operations with fresh vigor; and to this intent, he made an improved disposition of his forces. Some of the Pottawattamies were ordered to lie in wait along the river bank, below the fort; while others concealed themselves in the woods, in order to intercept any Englishman who might approach by land or water. Another band of the same tribe were to conceal themselves in the neighborhood of the fort, when no general attack was going forward, in order to shoot down any soldier or trader who might chance to expose his person. On the eleventh of May, when these arrangements were complete, the Indians once more surrounded the fort, firing upon it from morning till night.

Time passed on, and brought little change and no relief

1. *Was privy to.* Had secret knowledge of.

2. *Stipulated.* Specified; demanded.

to the harassed and endangered garrison. Day after day the Indians continued their attacks, until their war-cries and the rattle of their guns became familiar sounds.

For many weeks no man lay down to sleep, except in his clothes, and with his weapons by his side. Parties of volunteers sallied¹ from time to time, to burn the out-buildings which gave shelter to the enemy. They cut down orchard trees, and leveled fences, until the ground about the fort was clear and open, and the enemy had no cover left from whence to fire. The two vessels in the river, sweeping the northern and southern curtains of the works with their fire, deterred the Indians from approaching those points, and gave material aid to the garrison. Still, worming their way through the grass, sheltering themselves behind every rising ground, the pertinacious savages would crawl close to the palisade, and shoot arrows, tipped with burning tow, upon the roofs of the houses; but cisterns and tanks of water were everywhere provided against such an emergency, and these attempts proved abortive.² The little church, which stood near the palisade, was particularly exposed, and would probably have been set on fire, had not the priest of the settlement threatened Pontiac with the vengeance of the Great Spirit, should he be guilty of such sacrilege.³ Pontiac, who was filled with eagerness to get possession of the garrison, neglected no expedient that his savage tactics could supply. He went further, and begged the French inhabitants to teach him the European method of attacking a fortified place by regular approaches; but the rude Canadians knew as little of the matter as he; or if, by chance, a few were better informed, they wisely preferred to conceal their knowledge.

1. *Sallied.* Made sudden dashes.

2. *Abortive.* Coming to naught; futile.

3. *Sacrilege.* An act profaning or violating something sacred.

Meanwhile, great efforts were made to procure a supply of provisions. Every house was examined, and all that could serve for food, even grease and tallow, was collected and placed in the public storehouse, compensation¹ having first been made to the owners. Notwithstanding these precautions Detroit must have been abandoned or destroyed, but for the assistance of a few friendly Canadians, who lived on the opposite side of the river, and provided the garrison with cattle, hogs, and other supplies. These, under cover of night, were carried from their farms to the fort in boats, the Indians long remaining ignorant of what was going forward.

The Indians with their usual improvidence² had neglected to provide sufficient food for such a long siege and began to suffer from hunger. What food they did obtain from Canadian families they largely wasted. The Canadians, robbed of their food beyond endurance, asked to have the chiefs assemble. When they came together, one of the Canadians complained bitterly of the outrages committed by the Indians. "You pretend," he said, "to be friends of the French, and yet you plunder us of our hogs and cattle, you trample upon our fields of young corn, and when you enter our houses, you enter with tomahawk raised. When your French father comes from Montreal with his great army, he will hear of what you have done, and, instead of shaking hands with you as brethren, he will punish you as enemies."

Pontiac sat with his eyes riveted upon the ground, listening to every word that was spoken. When the speaker had concluded, he returned the following answer:

"Brothers: We have never wished to do you harm, nor

1. *Compensation.* Pay.

2. *Improvidence.* Failure to provide, particularly food and other necessities.

allow any to be done you; but among us there are many young men who, though strictly watched, find opportunities of mischief. It is not to revenge myself alone that I make war on the English. It is to revenge you, my Brothers. When the English insulted us, they insulted you also. I know that they have taken away your arms, and made you sign a paper which they have sent home to their country. Therefore you are left defenceless; and I mean now to revenge your cause and my own together. I mean to destroy the English, and leave not one upon our lands. You do not know the reasons from which I act. I have told you those only which concern yourselves; but you will learn all in time. You will cease then to think me a fool. I know, my Brothers, that there are many among you who take part with the English. I am sorry for it, for their own sakes; for when our Father arrives, I shall point them out to him, and they will see whether they or I have most reason to be satisfied with the part we have acted."

The Indians continued the siege of Detroit, but the garrison was most vigilant¹ though much disheartened at the reports of disaster to the forts around, one after another of which were taken by the Indians. A detachment of troops was sent with supplies in boats by way of Lake Erie. Misfortune befell the party when it reached the Detroit River. The Indians were in concealment, waiting for them, and killed many and captured others, but a few escaped to tell the tale of horror to the brave men at Detroit.

The hearts of the soldiers were made glad on the nineteenth of June when a rumor reached them that a vessel was in view several miles below the fort. The Indians were watching for arrivals and resorted to every means

1. *Vigilant.* Watchful; on the alert.

known to them to burn or capture the vessel. After several attempts the vessel sailed up the river, firing a shower of grape¹ among the yelping inhabitants of the Wyandot village. Besides supplies, the schooner brought the information of the victory on the Plains of Abraham² and the end of the bloody war that had been waged between France and England.

Though the warriors far outnumbered the soldiers, there was no lack of courage among the latter. It was a question of barbarism against civilization, disorder against confusion, and in the end civilization won the victory. In the siege of Detroit the Indians displayed greater steadiness and perseverance than history credits them with elsewhere. The Wyandots and Pottawattamies, less zealous than the other tribes, and wearied by their repeated repulses, sent messengers to the fort and sued for peace, which after they had surrendered all the prisoners in their possession was granted them.

Near the end of July, while the Ottawas and Ojibwas were keeping a close watch of the fort, assailing with petty attacks, Captain Dalzell was on his way from Niagara with twenty-two barges, bearing two hundred and eighty men, with several small cannon and a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition. On the morning of the twenty-ninth they drew near Detroit. When midway between the villages of the Wyandots and Pottawattamies, the Indians broke their peace pledges and opened fire upon the boats. A sharp fire was returned from the cannons and small arms. Several of the English were killed or wounded. The next day the danger seemed to be removed and the soldiers landed. Soon after, smoke

1. *Grape*. Grape-shot, a cluster of cast-iron shot arranged in an iron framework.

2. *Plains of Abraham*. A plateau southwest of Quebec, where Wolfe defeated Montcalm.

was seen rising from the Wyandot village across the river, and in apparent flight the Indians and their families were seen paddling down the stream.

It proved only an effort on the part of the Indians to deceive the soldiers, as they concealed themselves along the river banks and later took part in an action against them, into which the zeal of the new arrivals prevailed over the remonstrance of Gladwyn and his associates at the fort. It was known as the fight of Bloody Run. The detachment of troops that marched out in the morning full of courage, after six hours of marching and combat entered once more into the shelter of the fort. Fifty-nine of the English were killed or wounded, while the loss of the Indians was much less.

At other points along the lakes the stations or forts had been captured or destroyed. With great cruelty the Indians had slain most of the English, but spared the Canadians. At Michillimackinac¹ they had brutally massacred all the soldiers save a few of the officers and traders who were spared. These were released in the month of July and permitted to take their departure to Montreal, where they arrived the thirteenth of August. The only soldiers who remained in the lake region were those at Detroit.

Having accomplished so much under the inspiration of Pontiac, the more thoughtful of the savages began to realize what they had done, and to think that in irresistible force the British soldiers would be poured into the country. It was rumored round among them, and they began to fear that retribution would soon follow and they would be the sufferers.

1. *Michillimackinac*. This was, originally, the name of the fort and settlement at the present town of Mackinac, Michigan.

VI

THE INDIANS SUE FOR PEACE

In October French messengers came to Detroit from the principal post in the Illinois country with a letter to the Indian tribes who were engaged in war upon the English. The letter assured Pontiac that they and the English were now at peace, and regarded each other as brothers, and urged the Indians to abandon hostilities which could lead to no good result. Moreover they could no longer expect assistance from the French. Pontiac's long-cherished hopes of assistance from the French were swept away at once, and he saw himself and his people thrown back upon their own slender resources. In rage and mortification, he left Detroit, and, with a number of his chiefs, repaired to the River Maumee,¹ with the design of stirring up the Indians in that quarter, and renewing hostilities in the spring. There were now few Indians remaining in the vicinity of Detroit. They were obliged to scatter through the forests to seek sustenance² through the approaching winter. A few appeared at the fort and told of their friendship for the English, that they were sorry for their bad behavior and wanted to live in peace with them.

In the following June (1764) about twelve hundred English troops reached Niagara. Sir William Johnson had dispatched Indian messengers to the tribes far and near, warning them of the impending blow, and urging them to meet him at Niagara and make peace with the English. During the winter there had been much suffering among them in consequence of the suspension of the fur trade. When the time came many of the tribes were represented.

1. *River Maumee.* A river in northern Ohio, emptying into Lake Erie.

2. *Sustenance.* That which supports life; food.

The assembled multitude consisted, for the most part, of the more pacific¹ members of the tribes represented, yet their friendly disposition was by no means certain. The utmost precaution was necessary to avert a rupture.² The troops were kept always on their guard, while the black muzzles of the cannon, thrust forth from the bastions of the fort, struck a wholesome awe into the savage throng below. They disavowed³ all connection or privity⁴ with the designs of Pontiac, and after many weary details terms of peace were agreed upon between them, to the effect that they would never again attack the English. They also ceded a strip of land on either side of the Niagara River four miles in width. On the sixth of August, having completed his task, Sir William Johnson set sail for Oswego.⁵

Pontiac, driven from Detroit, was furious as a wild beast over the turn of events. He had hoped in the double campaign of 1764 to exterminate⁶ the English. The military posts, which cunning and treachery had placed within the grasp of the Indians, had been wrested from them by the English soldiers. On every hand defeat and disaster were closing around him. One sanctuary⁷ alone remained—the country of the Illinois. Here the flag of France still floated on the banks of the Mississippi, and here no English foot had dared to penetrate. He resolved to invoke all his resources,⁸ and bend all his energies to

1. *Pacific*. Peaceful.

2. *To avert a rupture*. To prevent a quarrel or division.

3. *Disavowed*. Disclaimed; denied.

4. *Privity*. Secret acquaintance or knowledge.

5. *Oswego*. A fort on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, where Oswego, New York, now is.

6. *Exterminate*. To destroy entirely; to wipe out completely.

7. *Sanctuary*. Place of refuge or safety from danger.

8. *To invoke all his resources*. To summon all his forces.

defend his last citadel,¹ but it seems he still retained his original designs against the garrison at Detroit.

Tribe after tribe he visited. Aid was refused him longer by the French. Many tribes were deserting him, and praying to the English for peace. No man practically familiar with Indian character need be told the impossibility of foreseeing to what strange acts the wayward impulses of this murder-loving race may prompt them. Unstable as water, capricious as the winds, they seem in some of their moods like ungoverned children fired with the instinct of devils. In this case they hated the English, they knew they wanted their scalps. Regardless of the consequences they seized the first opportunity to gratify their rabid² longing. This done, it seemed best to avert the consequences of their misdeeds by falsehoods and claims of innocence. Finding himself well nigh deserted by his warriors, without aid from the French, Pontiac knew it was futile to continue the struggle longer. Returning to Detroit, where there were more or less of the Ottawas and other Indians, a council was held at which he said:

“Father, we have all smoked out of this pipe of peace. It is your children’s pipe; and as the war is all over, and the Great Spirit and Giver of Light, who has made the earth and everything therein, has brought us all together this day for our mutual good, I declare to all nations that I have settled my peace with you before I came here, and now deliver my pipe to be sent to Sir William Johnson, that he may know I have made peace, and taken the King of England for my father, in presence of all the nations now assembled; and whenever any of those nations go to visit him, they may smoke out of it with him

1. *Citadel*. Stronghold.

2. *Rabid*. Furious; fanatical.

in peace. Fathers, we are obliged to you for lighting up our old council-fire for us, and desiring us to return to it; but we are now settled on the Miami River,¹ not far from hence: whenever you want us, you will find us there."

VII

DEATH OF PONTIAC

Spring returned, and Pontiac remembered the promise he had made to visit Sir William Johnson at Oswego. He left his encampment on the Maumee, accompanied by his chiefs.

We may well imagine with what bitterness of mood the defeated war-chief urged his canoe along the margin of Lake Erie, and gazed upon the horizon-bounded waters, and the lofty shores, green with primeval verdure. It needed no prophetic eye to foresee that, sooner or later, the doom must come. The star of his people's destiny was fading from the sky; and, to a mind like his, the black and withering future must have stood revealed in all its desolation.

The birchen flotilla² gained the outlet of Lake Erie, and, shooting downwards with the stream, landed beneath the palisades of Fort Schlosser.³ The chiefs passed the portage,⁴ and, once more embarking, pushed out upon Lake Ontario. Soon their goal was reached, and the cannon boomed hollow salutation from the batteries of Oswego.

Here they found Sir William Johnson waiting to receive

1. *Miami River*. A river in southern Ohio, flowing into the Ohio River.

2. *Birchen flotilla*. A small fleet of birch-bark canoes.

3. *Fort Schlosser*. A fort on the Niagara River between Lake Erie and Niagara Falls.

4. *Portage*. A path between two streams or around rapids or falls in a stream, over which boats and supplies are carried. The portage here referred to is the one around Niagara Falls.

them, attended by the chief sachems of the Iroquois, whom he had invited to the spot, that their presence might give additional weight and solemnity to the meeting.

On the following day the council began in earnest, and Sir William Johnson addressed Pontiac and his attendant chiefs. Pontiac made a brief reply in which he promised to speak more fully the next day. After the other chiefs had spoken, Pontiac addressed Sir William Johnson in the following words: "Father, we thank the Great Spirit for giving us so fine a day to meet upon such great affairs. I speak in the name of all the nations to the westward, of whom I am the master. It is the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet here to-day; and before him I now take you by the hand. I call him to witness that I speak from my heart; for since I took Colonel Croghan by the hand last year, I have never let go my hold, for I see that the Great Spirit will have us friends.

"Father, when our great father of France was in this country, I held him fast by the hand. Now that he is gone, I take you, my English father, by the hand, in the name of all the nations, and promise to keep this covenant as long as I shall live."

Here he delivered a large belt of wampum.

"Father, when you address me, it is the same as if you addressed all the nations of the west. Father, this belt is to cover and strengthen our chain of friendship, and to show you that, if any nation shall lift the hatchet against our English brethren, we shall be the first to feel it and resent it."

Pontiac, his canoe laden with the gifts of his enemy, steered homeward for the Maumee; and in this vicinity he spent the following winter, pitching his lodge in the forest with his wives and children, and hunting like an ordinary warrior. With the succeeding spring, 1767, fresh

murmurings of discontent arose among the Indian tribes, from the lakes to the Potomac, the first precursors of the disorders which, a few years later, ripened into a brief but bloody war along the borders of Virginia. These threatening symptoms might easily be traced to their source. The incorrigible¹ frontiersmen had again let loose their murdering propensities;² and a multitude of squatters³ had built their cabins on Indian lands beyond the limits of Pennsylvania, adding insult to aggression, and sparing neither oaths, curses, nor any form of abuse and maltreatment⁴ against the rightful owners of the soil. The new regulations of the fur trade could not prevent disorders among the reckless men engaged in it. This was particularly the case in the region of the Illinois, where the evil was aggravated⁵ by the renewed intrigues⁶ of the French, and especially of those who had fled from the English side of the Mississippi, and made their abode around the new settlement of St. Louis. It is difficult to say how far Pontiac was involved in this agitation.

The discontent among the tribes did not diminish with the lapse of time; yet for many months we can discern no trace of Pontiac. Records and traditions are silent concerning him. It is not until April, 1769, that he appears once more distinctly on the scene. At about that time he came to the Illinois, with what design does not appear, though his movements excited much uneasiness among the few English in that quarter. Soon after his arrival,

1. *Incorrigible* (in-kör'ĭ-jī-b'l). Incapable of being corrected; depraved.

2. *Murdering propensities*. Tendencies or inclinations toward murder.

3. *Squatters*. Persons who settle on public or unimproved land without permission or right.

4. *Maltreatment*. Evil treatment.

5. *Aggravated*. Increased; made worse.

6. *Intrigues* (in-trēgz'). Plots; conspiracies.

he repaired¹ to St. Louis, to visit his former acquaintance, St. Ange, who was then in command at that post, having offered his services to the Spaniards after the cession of Louisiana. After leaving the fort, Pontiac proceeded to the house of which young Pierre Chouteau² was an inmate; and to the last days of his protracted life, the latter could vividly recall the circumstances of the interview. The savage chief was arrayed in the full uniform of a French officer, which had been presented to him as a special mark of respect and favor by the Marquis of Montcalm, towards the close of the French war, and which Pontiac never had the bad taste to wear, except on occasions when he wished to appear with unusual dignity. St. Ange, Chouteau, and the other principal inhabitants of the infant settlement, whom he visited in turn, all received him cordially, and did their best to entertain him and his attendant chiefs. He remained at St. Louis for two or three days, when, hearing that a large number of Indians were assembled at Cahokia,³ on the opposite side of the river, and that some drinking bout or other social gathering was in progress, he told St. Ange that he would cross over to see what was going forward. St. Ange tried to dissuade him, and urged the risk to which he would expose himself; but Pontiac persisted, boasting that he was a match for the English, and had no fear for his life. He entered a canoe with some of his followers, and Chouteau never saw him again.

He who, at the present day, crosses from the city of St. Louis to the opposite shore of the Mississippi, and passes southward through a forest festooned with grape-

1. *Repaired.* Went.

2. *Pierre Chouteau* (pē-ēr' shōō-tō'). Pierre Chouteau and his brother, Auguste, were the founders of St. Louis.

3. *Cahokia.* A trading post and fort.

vines, and fragrant with the scent of flowers, will soon emerge upon the ancient hamlet of Cahokia. To one fresh from the busy suburbs of the American city, the small French houses, scattered in picturesque disorder, the light-hearted, thriftless look of their inmates, and the woods which form the background of the picture, seem like the remnants of an earlier and simpler world. Strange changes have passed around that spot. Forests have fallen, cities have sprung up, and the lonely wilderness is thronged with human life.

The place was full of Illinois Indians; such a scene as in our own time may often be met with in some squalid¹ settlement of the border, where the vagabond guests, bedizened with dirty finery, tie their small horses in rows along the fences, and stroll idly among the houses, or lounge about the dramshops. A chief so renowned as Pontiac could not remain long among the friendly Creoles² of Cahokia without being summoned to a feast; and at such primitive entertainment the whiskey bottle would not fail to play its part. This was in truth the case. Pontiac drank deeply, and, when the carousal was over, strode down the village street to the adjacent woods, where he was heard to sing the medicine songs, in whose magic power he trusted as the warrant of success in all his undertakings.

An English trader, named Williamson, was then in the village. He had looked on the movements of Pontiac with a jealousy probably not diminished by the visit of the chief to the French at St. Louis; and he now resolved not to lose so favorable an opportunity to dispatch him.

1. *Squalid*. Dirty; poverty-stricken.

2. *Creoles*. Native Americans of French parentage. The name is usually applied to the descendants of early French and Spanish settlers in the South, who preserve the speech and culture of their ancestors.

With this view, he gained the ear of a strolling Indian belonging to the Kaskaskia tribe of the Illinois, bribed him with a barrel of liquor, and promised him a further reward if he would kill the chief. The bargain was quickly made. When Pontiac entered the forest, the assassin stole close upon his track; and, watching his moment, glided behind him, and buried a tomahawk in his brain.

The dead body was soon discovered, and startled cries and wild howlings announced the event. The word was caught up from mouth to mouth, and the place resounded with infernal yells. The warriors snatched their weapons. The Illinois took part with their guilty countryman, and the few followers of Pontiac, driven from the village, fled to spread the tidings and call the nations to revenge. Meanwhile the murdered chief lay on the spot where he had fallen, until St. Ange, mindful of former friendship, sent to claim the body, and buried it, with warlike honors, near his fort of St. Louis.

Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial-place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum,¹ a city has risen above the forest hero;² and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave.

—FRANCIS PARKMAN.

EXERCISES

I

THE CONSPIRACY

1. Terms for definition and study: smothered murmurs, hamlet, deep-rooted, allies, blandishments, hostility, remote, behooved, retrenchment, appropriated, superadded, rapacity, plundered, garisons, intrusive, abrupt, exasperated, primitive, infested, deputation,

1. *Mausoleum* (mô'sô-lē'üm). A tomb, usually of grand, monumental structure.

2. *A city has risen above the forest hero.* There is a tradition that the remains of Pontiac lie buried beneath the cobblestones at the intersection of two of the busiest streets in St. Louis.

dispatched, ferment, precursors, incensed, confederacy, ambitious, posture, tomahawk, approbation, comprised, irritation.

2. What part did the Indians take in the French and Indian War?

3. What changes of territory in North America occurred at the close of the French and Indian War?

4. Why did the Indians feel more friendly toward the French than toward the English?

5. What especial grievances did the Indians have against the English?

6. What were the teachings of the Indian prophet? What had these teachings to do with the conspiracy?

7. What was the plot formed by the Indians? What was the immediate cause of this plot?

8. Who was Pontiac? What motives caused him to form the conspiracy?

9. How did Pontiac secure the union of the tribes against the English?

10. How were the English to be dealt with?

II

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

1. Terms for definition and study: beguiling, martial exploits, youthful gallants, foppery, coquetry, shriveled hags, garnished, Canadian tradition, symmetry, attire, girt, befitted, guttural ejaculations, plumed and painted, Great Spirit, stone-pointed lances, poison fire-water, primitive barbarians, inciting, pretext.

2. Describe the gathering of the Indians near Detroit.

3. Describe Pontiac.

4. Why did Pontiac tell the story of the Delaware Indian's visit to the Great Spirit?

5. Describe the calumet dance performed by the Indians.

6. What was Pontiac's plan for capturing Detroit?

III

DETROIT

1. Terms for definition and study: transformed, sojourns, currently, compactly, pickets, harsh scenery, ambushed perils, congeniality, palisade, council-house, intervening, uncurbed passions, treacheries, anticipation, detested, extensive, ramparts, quavering, unwonted vigilance.

2. What kind of place was Detroit at the time of the conspiracy?

3. What Indian villages were within the settlement?

4. Describe the fort.
5. Describe Pontiac's home.
6. How large a force of Indians was available for the attack on Detroit?
7. What precautions were taken by the officers to prevent a surprise by the Indians?

IV

PONTIAC'S TREACHERY

1. Terms for definition and study: newly budding, crafty features, uncouth, stateliness, stoicism, rigid muscles, restless scrutiny, traversing, interpreter, strong attachment, like one confounded, rebuked, consummation, despotic sway, repaired, rejoined, courteous, imported, tumultuously, trophy of brutal malice, wolfish deeds, interpose a barrier, denounced vengeance, fierce contagion, embarkation, assail, whole barbarian swarm, agile gymnastics, veteran officer, cruel ordeal, unwavering gaze, custody.

2. Describe Pontiac and his company as they entered the fort for their proposed attack.

3. What preparation had been made to receive them?
4. Describe the interview between the Indians and the officers.
5. What was the purpose of Pontiac's second visit to the fort?
6. What occurred on Pontiac's third visit?
7. How did Pontiac provoke his warriors to hostility against the English?
8. Describe the attack on the fort. How was it resisted?
9. What attempts were made to make peace with the Indians?
10. What incidents reveal the treachery of Pontiac and his followers?

V

THE SIEGE OF DETROIT

1. Terms for definition and study: detention, stipulated, intercept, harassed, sallied, deterred, regular approaches, riveted, disheartened, a shower of grape, barbarism, perseverance, petty attacks, remonstrance.

2. What assistance did Pontiac secure on the morning after the detention of Campbell and M'Dougal?

3. What was the plan of the Indians for capturing the fort?
4. What did the English do to resist the Indians?
5. How did the English secure food and supplies? How did the Indians secure supplies?
6. Describe the interview between Pontiac and the protesting Canadians.
7. What attempts were made to aid and relieve the Detroit garrison?
8. What enabled the white men finally to win?

VI

THE INDIANS SUE FOR PEACE

1. Terms for definition and study: mortification, vicinity, sustenance, suspension, wholesome awe, penetrate, wayward impulses, unstable as water, capricious, instincts, gratify, mutual good.
2. What caused Pontiac to give up the siege of Detroit?
3. Where did he go? What was his purpose?
4. How was a peace with the leading tribes concerned in Pontiac's conspiracy brought about?
5. What success did Pontiac have in arousing the Indians in the Illinois country?
6. What did he do after his visit to the Illinois country?

VII

DEATH OF PONTIAC

1. Terms for definition and study: bitterness of mood, horizon-bounded waters, primeval verdure, birchen flotilla, salutation, covenant, aggression, discern, cession, inmate, protracted, drinking bout, dissuade, vagabond guests, carousal, assassin, rancor.
2. Describe the conference with Sir William Johnson. What was its result?
3. Describe the voyage of Pontiac and his chiefs to Oswego.
4. What had Pontiac to do with the Indian disturbances of 1767-1769?
5. Tell of Pontiac's visit to St. Louis.
6. Describe Cahokia as it was in 1769.
7. What caused Pontiac to go there?
8. Tell the story of the murder of Pontiac.
9. Was Pontiac a patriotic Indian?
10. Was Pontiac justified in his struggle against the English?

